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COMMENT OF THE DAY

STRIJDOM'S REPUBLIC

MR Johannes Strijdom, the South African Prime Minister, has been swept back into power. The main issue at stake was Mr Strijdom's racial policy of total segregation and in this he has been supported by the country.

But there was another issue — that of establishing a republic. Only Strijdom could claim, could the Dutch and the English-speaking communities become truly united. But the trouble with his Nationalists is that they want unity on their own terms alone.

The issue that divides South Africa today transcends the question of a republic. The two political outlooks are in conflict and they are quite alien to each other. Under pressure from their racial bigotry the Nationalists are being forced into a totalitarian mould. The South Africans who call themselves British fear domination by a Nationalist majority who would impose their standards upon them.

Embattled in their sense of righteousness, the Nationalists are prepared to sacrifice freedom of the Press, the courts and even religious liberty to build up a state founded on intense fear of the black millions whom they believe must be kept in permanent subjection.

And while many English-speaking South Africans and the heirs of Smuts and Botha share the racial prejudices of the Nationalists, they are not prepared to pursue them with such fanaticism. They do not deny all hope, however distant, of a saner regulation of race relations. It now seems that Mr Strijdom's policy has succeeded so there is a distinct possibility that South Africa will become even more isolated from the rest of the Commonwealth.

India remains a member of the British Commonwealth although a republic, but a Nationalist South Africa might find it more difficult to remain in the fold. In the old Cape Colony of Cecil Rhodes' day British policy was expressed in the slogan "equal rights for all civilised men." It is tragic to think that today this view is equated with Communism and treason in the minds of fanatical Nationalists.

But South Africa's racial problem will not be solved by forcing the country into a political straight jacket.

HOPES FOR SUMMIT TALKS

Diplomatic Meeting In Moscow May Pave Way

London, Apr. 18. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer called jointly for an East-West summit conference today and expressed the hope that the diplomatic discussions in Moscow would pave the way for it.

South African Republic In Offing

Pretoria, Apr. 18. Mr Johannes Strijdom, the South African Prime Minister, said here today that a republic of South Africa was much nearer than the United (opposition) Party realised. He said that if the National Party, which had just increased its majority over the opposition in Parliament, continued to grow as it was growing the public could not be far off. Mr Strijdom was addressing several thousand cheering students of Pretoria University, who chanted "Republic, Republic" after he had spoken. Earlier the students had marched to the centre of the city to pay tribute to Mr Strijdom who said the voting to the National Party in the election this week "must have made a tremendous impression on everyone."—Reuter.

US Sergeant Fined For Assault

Seoul, Apr. 18. A United States Army special court martial today found Master Sergeant Robert Weldensaul guilty of assaulting an 18-year-old South Korean boy and confining him in a wooden box. He was fined \$120, to be paid in a period of three months.—Reuter.

Prague, Apr. 18. Czechoslovakia today expelled an American diplomat, Mr Joseph Jacyno, on charges of spying.—Reuter.

ROK Airman Under Investigation

Seoul, Apr. 18. The rebellious ROK Air Force captain who unsuccessfully attempted to hijack a South Korean C-46 transport plane last week had planned to defect to North Korea for nearly a month, it was officially disclosed. A ROK Air Force spokesman, however, said investigators so far failed to determine whether Capt. Choi Jung Il was instigated by the Communists or if he acted on his own idea. Air Force investigators will continue their efforts to track down possible Communist connections with the April 10 incident, he added.

The bold attempt of Capt. Choi ended in failure when he was beaten unconscious by the four-man crew of the transport plane which was on a regular flight from Taejeon to Seoul. During a mid-air scuffle, Choi armed with a service pistol, killed a radio operator and wounded two other crew members.

HIGHLIGHTS

According to the spokesman, highlights of the investigation results are as follows:

- ★ It took nearly 40 hours before Choi regained consciousness and was able to answer investigators' questions.
- ★ Choi had planned to defect to North Korea since the middle of March. He boarded the C-46 on April 10 for that purpose.
- ★ Choi is an "extremist" in character. He was studying the theories of Socialism for a long time.
- ★ He had been in "mental agony" because of his unfaithful wife. He was also in a desperate state of mind because he was heavily in debt.
- ★ He was officially "primed" twice during his 10-year service with the Air Force for misappropriation of official funds.
- ★ His mother is now living in Manchuria. Choi said he wanted to go to North Korea in order to see her.
- ★ Choi in his attempt had intended to land the plane at Pyongyang, capital city of Communist North Korea.—United Press.

Other Points

- ★ The communiqué made these other points:
- ★ There can be no lasting settlement in Europe without the ending of the tension resulting from the partition of Germany.
- ★ They expressed "gratification" at the tentative settlement of the Anglo-German dispute.
- ★ They promised to work "high and expanding level" of international trade.
- ★ They announced their support for the establishment of a European Free Trade area and their agreement to be brought as quickly as possible to a successful conclusion.—United Press.

Macmillan To Meet Leaders

London, Apr. 18. Mr Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, today agreed to a joint meeting with transport chiefs and rail union leaders after hearing up-to-the-minute reports on pay crisis talks between the two sides.

A statement from 10 Downing Street tonight said the Prime Minister agreed to the meeting after talks with Mr Harold Wilson, Minister of Transport, and Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the British Transport Commission. The meeting—believed to be unique in the history of British industrial disputes—is expected to be held next Tuesday.—Reuter.

TWO NEW ANGLES WORRYING LANCASHIRE MILLS

Manchester, Apr. 18. Lancashire trade leaders are letting out no secrets when they meet representatives of the Indian and Pakistan textile industries in London early next month.

For three hours in Manchester today they discussed the situation with Sir Frank Lee, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, following his mission to the East.

Sir Frank briefed the Cotton Board and members of the Lancashire team as to the attitude they must expect to encounter not only in the London talks but if subsequent discussions take place with Hongkong mill interests.

Two fresh angles of this complicated problem were brought

BOMBINGS ROCK CYPRUS

Nicosia, Apr. 18. A series of bomb explosions echoed through Cyprus today amid warnings by officials that the extremist organisation EOKA was intensifying its campaign.

Three bombs went off in the Hukarpasoo area of Famagusta, causing extensive damage. Five buildings, destroyed a forestry hut at the North Cyprus village of Trypimental and a forestry tractor was damaged by an explosion in the Southwest Cyprus village of Stellas.

No casualties were reported. EOKA broke a one-week silence today by issuing a leaflet ordering Cypriots not to buy British cars and tyres.

The leaflet, signed by "Digenis", believed to be George Grivas, EOKA leader, also ordered a boycott of British agricultural tools and machines.

The leaflet also ordered a ban on the purchase of Army surplus vehicles. "Support the countries which support our struggle, not those which keep us slaves."—United Press.

Indonesian Rebels Concede Fall Of Capital

Singapore, Apr. 18. A spokesman for the Indonesian rebel government conceded tonight the fall of the rebel capital, Bikittinggi, was "inevitable."

He said the revolutionary movement now had only one choice: To fall back onto guerrilla warfare in the hills and jungles.

A rebel spokesman told United Press Correspondent Wendell Merick in Buiting that the regime was "shocked" and the rebel forces had not fought better in the face of Padang invasion by government forces.

Conceding loss of Padang for the first time, rebel reports coincided almost word for word with the Jakarta government communiqué that the vital coastal city had been taken, against token opposition.

FALLEN BACK

The spokesman said rebel forces and partisans, totalling about two battalions, had fallen back about five miles northeast of Padang and were now consolidating. But he made clear that all pretence of formal warfare has now ended.

Indonesian Vice-Premier Harli said today a "political arrangement" should be reached in Indonesia after the central Sumatran rebellion was crushed. His news agency reported.

Dr Harli was commenting on Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio's statement in Hongkong early this week that Dr Mohammad Hatta, the former Vice-President, would possibly be given an official post in a re-organisation of the Government after the Padang rebels were defeated, the agency said.—United Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapiet" RACE 1

Orange Beauty
Attractive Power
So Big
Outsider:—Free Kick.

RACE 2

Sea Tigress
Black Friday
Passing Shot
Outsider:—Sure Goal.

RACE 3

Genghis Khan
Your Wish
Maytime
Outsider:—Carrie.

RACE 4

May Blossom
Rebel II
Ma Cherie
Outsider:—Tell-me-more.

RACE 5

Night People
As You Wish
Red Light
Outsider:—Bonita.

RACE 6

Gallant Knight
Another Victory
Supermaster
Outsider:—Diamond Lil.

RACE 7

Salome
Grace
Mona Lisa
Outsider:—Philippe's Pride.

RACE 8

Spinning Wheel
Orange King
Sunstreak
Outsider:—Marianne.

RACE 9

Ariel
Supersonic
Star of Stars
Outsider:—Top Speed.

RACE 10

Tommye
Winnle
Tonnyer
Outsider:—Gay Sir.

The Turf's Progressive Places

Race 6—Another Victory; Race 7—Salome; Race 9—Ariel

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 9

This one could be a water spirit, and we don't mean Scotch.

Our Teaser Tip for the last race meeting, "Gentleman of Note" (John Halifax), was unplaced.

MIKE TODD'S ESTATE

New York, Apr. 18. Showman Mike Todd left half his estate, estimated at three to five million dollars (about £1,071,000 to £1,785,000 sterling), in trust to his widow, actress Elizabeth Taylor, it was revealed today.

The other half was bequeathed outright to his son by a previous marriage, Michael Todd.

Junior, who was also named executor.

The will was filed for probate in the New York County Surrogate's Court today. Michael Todd and Miss Taylor were named trustees of the trust set up for Miss Taylor. Todd was killed in a plane crash on March 22.—Reuter.

The motor makes the fan

S.E.C. MAKE BOTH!

ALCOFAN FAN—The new 30 year old design, built in the S.E.C. factory, is a masterpiece of engineering. It is the only fan in the world which is built to last. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be repaired. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be replaced. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be sold. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be used. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be loved. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be remembered. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your life. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your future. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your legacy. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your destiny. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your soul. It is the only fan in the world which is built to be a part of your heart. 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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Her Beauty Drove Men To Suicide

La Spezia.
A WOODEN statue of a woman of striking beauty may remain hidden to sight forever in a basement of the Naval Museum here in Italy.

Her beauty is dangerous. Over the past half century, two men fell madly in love with the statue and committed suicide because of her.

The more than life-size statue would make one of the finest exhibits in the Museum, due to open shortly for the first time since the war. But thinking of what she did to people in the past, officials are in doubt whether to display her.

The story of the statue has been shrouded in mystery ever since she appeared in mid-Atlantic one day back in 1904.

The Italian frigate *Veloz* was cruising in the Atlantic on that day. Weather was good and the sea comparatively calm. All of a sudden, the man on watch duty saw what looked like a human body copping up and down in the waves.

Captain Aristofane Calmi took a quick look and sent out a sloop to recover the "body."

What the sailors brought back was a wooden statue of a beautiful, alert-looking woman, draped in classical Greek garments which left her right breast bare.

With her right hand she raised her dress just above her knee.

Sculpted on the wooden pedestal was the name "Atalanta," a Greek word which means "invulnerable" or "untouchable."

BUT WHO IS SHE?

Old sailors said the statue once undoubtedly adorned the prow of some sailing vessel named *Atalanta*. But that was all anyone could find out. The nationality of the ship it came from, and its fate, have remained a mystery to date.

The sailors looked at the statue as if fascinated. During the return trip, some of the men would sit in front of the statue, gazing at her for hours.

Soon some of them became jealous of others. Quarrels started and Capt. Calmi eventually had the statue locked in a cabin to avert trouble.

The statue was placed in the Naval Museum in Genoa, then moved to La Spezia in 1897 for

inclusion in a new Museum erected here.

It was not until 1924 that the statue claimed its first victim. A guardian of the Museum committed suicide by drowning himself in one of the big docks of La Spezia Arsenal. Friends said he had been continually talking about *Atalanta* lately, and said the statue had "bewitched" him to the point that he had lost interest in anything else. He spent hours and hours carefully dusting the statue and looking at her beautiful face.

Twenty years later, during World War Two German occupation of Italy, came victim number two.

Tall, handsome German Wehrmacht soldier Erich Kurtz had been placed in charge of the Museum exhibits, stored away in a warehouse. He fell in love with *Atalanta* even more desperately than the guardian had.

One day, Kurtz could no longer stand the temptation. He placed *Atalanta* on an army truck and carried her to his small tented room.

A few months later, Kurtz failed to report for work. His commander, fearing that he might have been killed by Italian partisans, sent military police to look for him.

By ERNEST SAKLER

They had not so far. When they smashed the door of his tented room, they found the young blond soldier lying dead at the foot of the statue, a pistol bullet through his head. The oversize statue looked enormous in the small room.

A note in Kurtz's simple, determined handwriting was clutched in his left hand. The note, now exhibit N. 2589 in the Naval Museum, read:

"Since no woman except you can give me the life of dreams, *O Atalanta*, I sacrifice my life to you."

Signed "Erich Kurtz, Oct. 13, 1944."—United Press.

FOUR GET THE CANE AT FAG-END SCHOOL

London.
THE "fag-end" revolt flared again last week after four boys were caught for putting NO SMOKING notices in the windows of Portsmouth Grammar School.

Trouble started when a cigarette-end thrown from a window fell on the head of a new master.

He found several prefects smoking. They were "de-capped"—removed from office. The upper school staged a protest, stamping their feet in prayer.

Last week the headmaster told the boys: "Your prefects were not de-capped because they smoked—but because they allowed others to smoke."

RIDICULOUS

But the 15-year-old leader of the protest group commented: "What a ridiculous thing to say. It just means the punishment seems more harsh."

"We are intensifying our protests against individual masters as well as making a din during morning assembly."

At assembly one day last week, the headmaster, Mr. Dennis Hilbert, stopped the pianist after the third verse of a hymn to tell the 600 pupils to "sing properly."

One boy said: "At first we only played up the new master. Now we are taking it out on the other masters. We have decided not to boycott the school play because members of the public would be there."

THEY SET OUT FOR FRANCE IN A ROWBOAT

Tadley.
TWO boys, aged 12 and 13, nervously awaited punishment for stealing a rowboat and setting out for France equipped with two compasses and a slingshot to "shoot game."

Thirteen-year-old Richard Comber and his school chum Robert Edwards, 12, were brought back to this village from the Channel Port of Folkestone. A freighter picked them up as they drifted in choppy seas three miles from their starting-point after spending the night adrift and hungry.

HOPED TO ROW

They had hoped to row 20 miles to the nearest French beach—a trip that normally takes cross-channel steamers 1½ hours with good weather and favourable tides.

It was the second time the boys had run away from their homes to seek adventure. The last time, two weeks ago, they got as far as Worthing, another coastal town, but returned after spending a cold night on the beach.

Richard and Robert set out from home one day hoping to find excitement and warmer weather in France, but they found in Britain on the last day of winter.

They had only a few tatty bars to eat, but took along a

THEY DATED A GHOST She Came In But She Didn't Turn Up For This Waiter

London.
THE three nights 45-year-old George Hesketh spent in a deserted country mansion were, said a judge last week GHOSTLY and GASTLY.

Parents Dare Not Repress Their Children

Bristol.
PARENTS of today dare not repress their children in case they get some kind of sex complex, veteran magistrate Sir Basil Henriques told a girl guide audience last week.

"Instead of the parents bringing up the children, the child rules the parents," he said.

There is a great danger of boys and girls losing their sense of responsibility for their own actions, Sir Basil said.

"There was a time when a sin was a sin. Today it is a complex," he said. "There was a time when a man and woman were free to choose their own life. Today they think they cannot help doing wrong!"

United Press.

London.
THE three nights 45-year-old George Hesketh spent in a deserted country mansion were, said a judge last week GHOSTLY and GASTLY.

He heard—or thought he heard—supernatural noises. He saw—or thought he saw—ghosts.

It was a somewhat eerie experience, admitted Mr. Justice Simon at Cardiff Assizes. Hesketh had told the court that he tried to sleep in Bush House, Pembroke, because he could not find lodgings in the town. With him was his 25-year-old son.

THE TAPS

On the first night they saw a vision of a crinolined lady walking the gardens.

On the second night their paraffin lamp was turned down four times, and their coats were pulled from their shoulders.

On the third night strange tapings on the walls and windows finally drove them out.

The Heskeths of *Atalanta* Street, Beawick, Manchester, had gone to Pembroke to work as floor layers on a new school.

From the mansion they moved into the school to sleep. Three nights later in darkness, the father fell down 11 steps and fractured his skull.

THE RATS
His claim for damages against the county council was dismissed.

The judge ruled that though he slept there by invitation of the clerk of works, he was not entitled to roam the unlit, dirty, and rat-infested building.

As he left court Hesketh said: "I don't believe in ghosts but I do now."

Bush House, built 63 years ago on the site of a previous mansion destroyed by fire, was formerly the home of the Meyrick family.

Said Sir Thomas Meyrick, 87-year-old third baronet: "In 15 years there I never saw a ghost."

Pembroke.
I KEPT a midnight date with a ghost last week—a pretty girl in a red crinoline and a bonnet.

For 70 minutes I waited under dripping trees for the figure of a ghost to come gliding through a bricked-up archway in an old stable. But she stood me up. At least, I think she did.

My blind date was the fiery, mischievous girl ghost who terrified a father and his 16-year-old son when they slept in the old mansion.

GARDEN PATH

When they saw her, they fled, and the father claims damages at the assizes for injuries he received running away.

The creeper-covered stable was black against the light sky when I tucked myself under a bush alongside the garden path she should have walked at midnight.

At 12 o'clock exactly a pair of barn owls hooted above my head like lamp-eyed heralds of the ghostly apparition. Nothing happened. Back to the car for a drink of black coffee.

And a huge chunk of masonry came sailing through the air from nowhere and struck the roof as I was getting in. It was 12.10 a.m.

There was not a breath of wind in the trees. But the door slammed with a violence that rocked the car on its wheels. I jumped out and my feet crunched on gravel. Nobody could have crept up to the car without my hearing... unless...

But I do not believe in ghosts—even if she is supposed to have a Diana Dore figure.

When the door slammed, I looked at my watch. It was 12.10 a.m. It had stopped when the chunk of masonry hit the roof—just two hours after I had wound it.

And that watch has not stopped in 15 years. It's going fine now.

And the girl in the scarlet crinoline? I think she stood me up and went to haunt some other lucky fellow.

ONLY A BICYCLE WAS ALLOWED!

Mortlake.
The policeman who booked a 20-year-old secretary, Margery McKay, for riding her bicycle on the sidewalk, wasted his time.

Margery appeared in court in a cab in her handbag, took out a slip of paper, and read aloud: "I'm afraid the section under which I have been summoned does not cover the offence."

Magistrates and law clerks leafed through their books and found, she was right. The law made it illegal for horses, sledges, carriages, automobiles and many other vehicles to travel on footpaths, but did not cover bikes.

Magistrate C. W. Barrell dismissed the case. Margery explained later that her dad was a retired police inspector.—United Press.

Shilling.
Farm worker Gordon Fairley accidentally pierced his foot with a garden fork, went to a doctor and had it treated.

When the doctor finished, Fairley got up, walked into the street—and fell dead. Police said today he died from shock.—United Press.

London.
SIXTY-YEAR-OLD Ernest Burns was a "Gay S. Lothario" who refused to grow old, said a divorce judge recently.

He seemed to spend most of his time having affairs with different women.

He even dyed his hair so that young girls could not see it had turned white. But he made some mistake and turned it blue.

Mr Burns, now living in a Coventry hotel, sought divorce at Birmingham from his wife, Mrs. Annie Burns, of Binley Road, Coventry, on the ground of cruelty.

Dismissed
Mr Justice Barnard dismissed the petition.

"One of the charges made against the wife is that she put peroxide in his hair- oil," said the judge.

"When you sort out the truth of the matter you find that this was a man who dyed his hair blue by mistake."

The Strange Case Of A Man And A Baby

By COLIN LAWSON

Rome.
TOP Italian surgeon Ettore Sacco, operating on a man who complained of stomach trouble, removed an embryo baby boy weighing 14 lb.

Professor Sacco, telling of the operation, said that the baby was in about the seventh month of development.

"It obviously had a separate existence at some time," he said, "but its growth ceased some time ago."

"Such cases as this are rare but not unknown." Explained the professor: "Apparently the man's mother conceived twins but one of the babies started to form inside the other. It became part of the man in the form of a parasite."

The man, a 40-year-old farmer whose name is being kept secret, first went to hospital at Genoa complaining of stomach trouble three years ago. He has completely recovered.

THEY WERE FAMILY MEN TOO!
London.
Mrs Winifred Day, thinking she heard her husband's footsteps outside her bedroom.

"No, we're burglars," replied a cheerful voice.

The provokers kept Mrs Day locked in her bedroom while they ransacked the house and stole more than £1,000 worth of jewels.

"You don't have to worry," they told her. "We're family men ourselves."—United Press.

GAY LOTHARIO DYED HIS HAIR BLUE

London.
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He seemed to spend most of his time having affairs with different women.

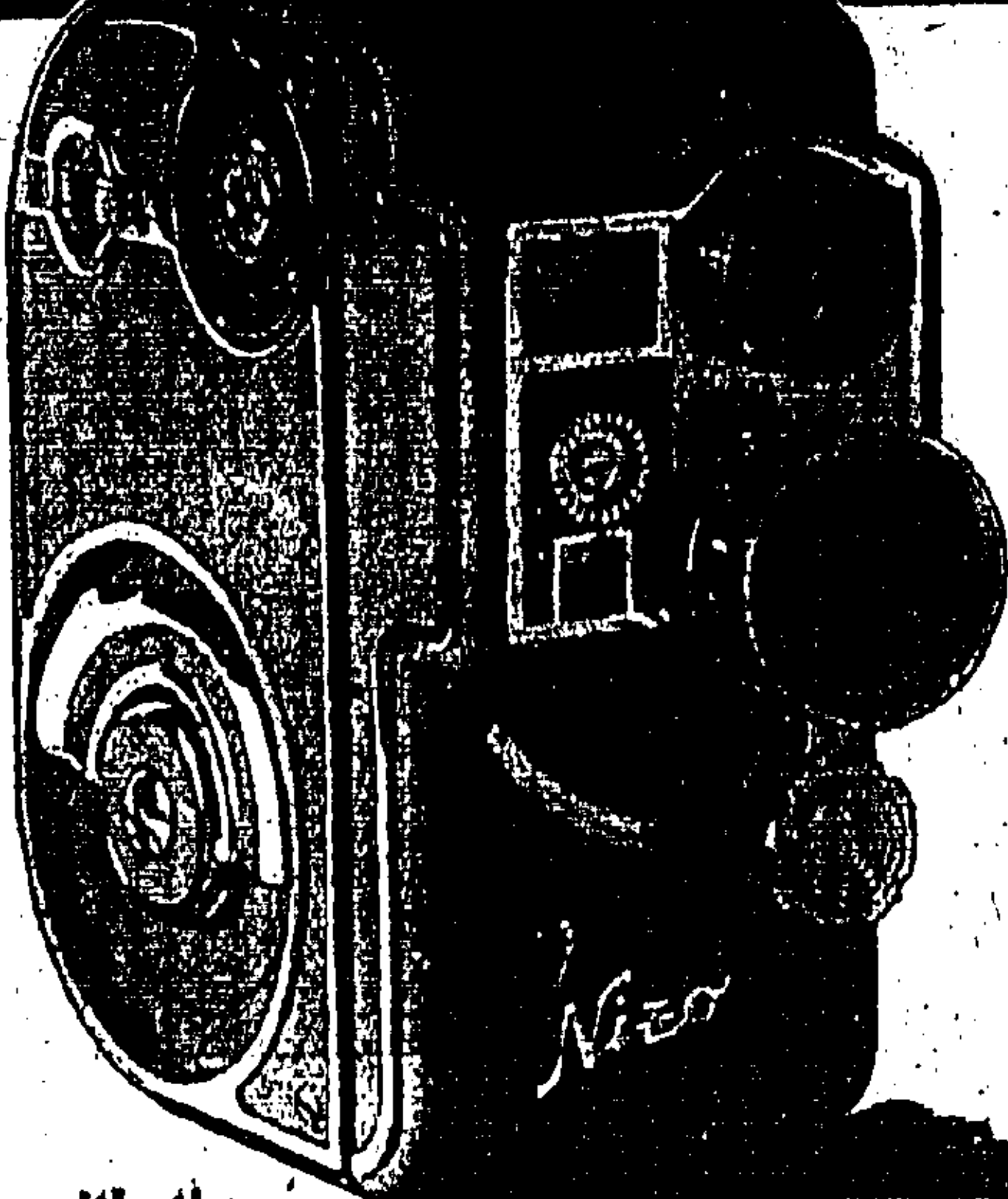
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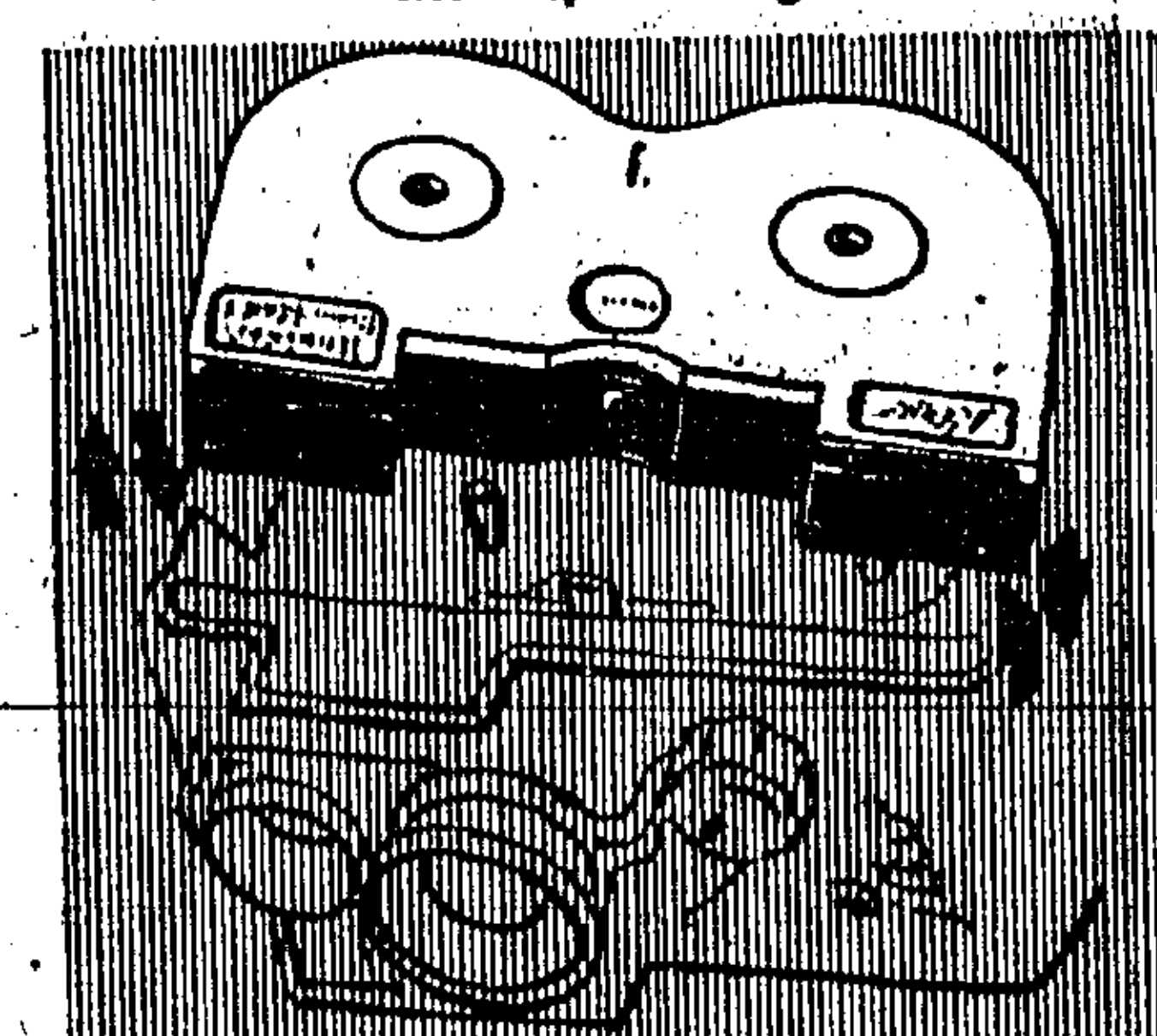
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TV makes these children naughtier, says doctor

MENTALLY defective children became a naughtier after BBC children's television was introduced at their hospital.

Dr Gerald Rudolf, consultant psychiatrist at Yaffton Hall hospital, Bristol, gives details in the spring number of *Mental Health*.

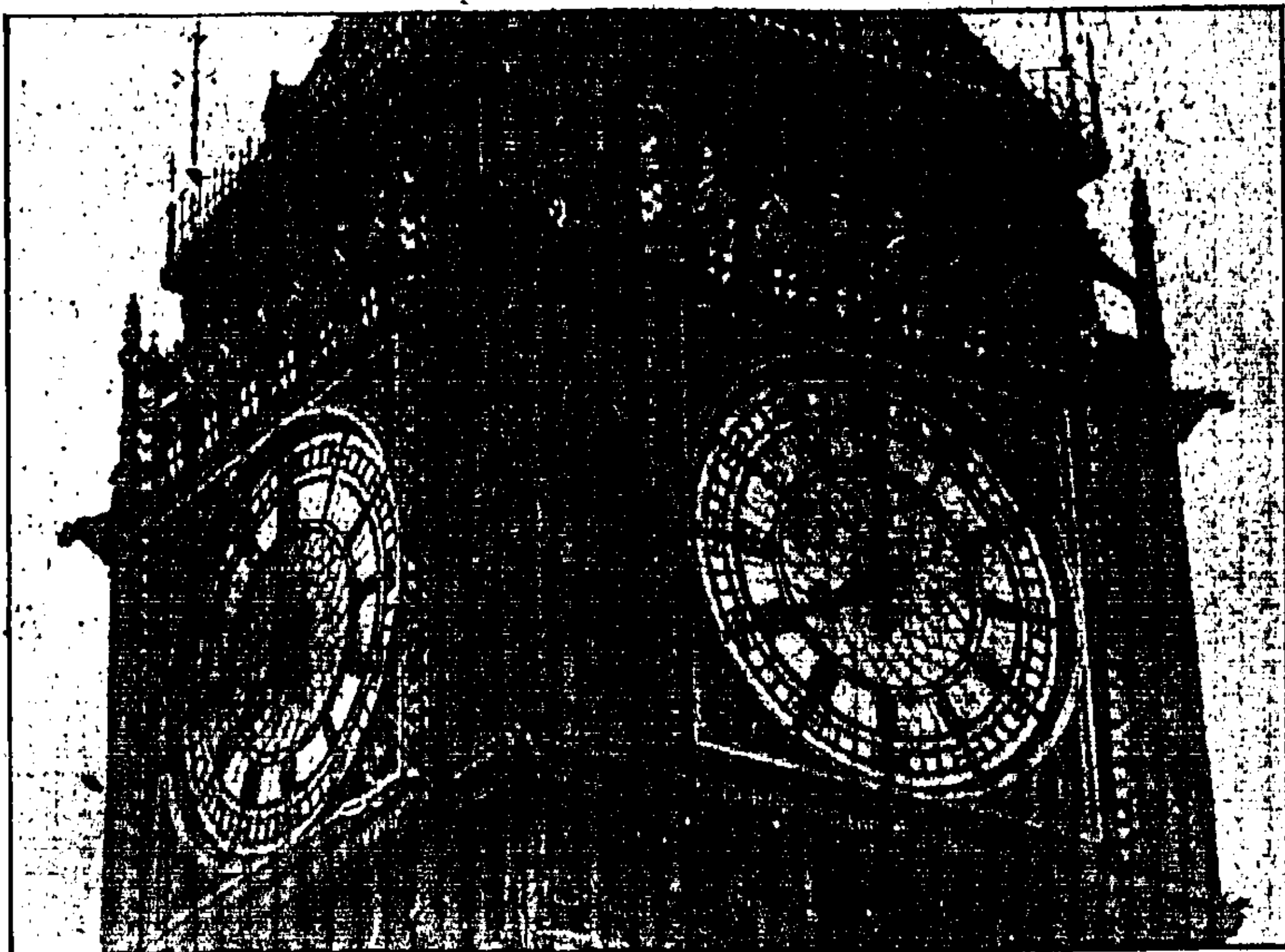
He writes that misbehaviour increased from 220 to 671 incidents among the 20 boys, and from 90 to 104 among the 12 girls, at the hospital for a year before and a year after the introduction of TV.

He says that the large increase of incidents against the person from 70 to 241 among the boys, and from 24 to 60 among the girls, was probably due to scenes and conversation on TV of brutality, fighting, and killing.

Incidents were grouped into seven types: against the person, against objects, noise, excitement or hot temper, disobedience or suliness, wandering, and indecency.

The first includes being out of bed at the wrong times, "indecency" such as terms as "naughty" and "troublesome."

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Big Ben's 100th birthday. Its chime, a flattened E, was a symbol of freedom to Europe.

Helen Taylor, British drug addict, smashed into a chemist's shop to steal cocaine and morphine; cut herself on the glass; lay bleeding for hours; got 100 stitches in her stomach; pleaded guilty to breaking in . . . two years on probation.

Sandwich lunch during a break in the protest march to Aldermaston. Many babies and young children were taken along in their prams and push chairs on the march to "Ban the H-Bomb."

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill arrive home from France, disembark at London Airport.

EXPRESS



The first of 19 de Havilland Comet IV jet airliners ordered by BOAC rolls out of the assembly hall and is towed away for engine runs and fuel flow checks. Another six have been ordered by the Argentine Government.

Julie Andrews went to America an unknown, returns as the biggest theatrical hit for years and (star of "My Fair Lady") one of the best known voices in England.

Alec Guinness, who recently received by proxy the Hollywood Academy Award for his performance in "The Bridge on the River Kwai" is soon receiving in person an award by the Variety Club of Great Britain as "Best Film Actor of 1957." The beard goes with his current role in "The Horse's Mouth."

Three other award winners (below) from left, Heather Sears (voted most promising actress) Frankie Vaughan (show business personality of 1957) and Yvonne Mitchell (Best Actress).

EXPRESS



Billy Knight, Britain's hope in the Davis Cup, has been banned from several of the new season's big tournaments. He works for a firm which supplies the tennis balls.

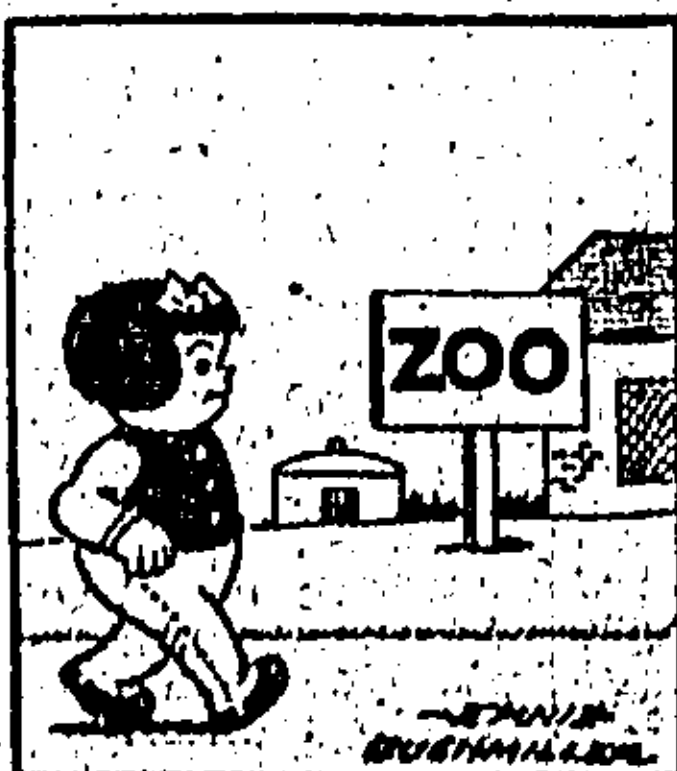
EXPRESS



LEFT: Bolinda Lee—British actress back to finish up her ill-starred film "No Moon by Night." The film has been constantly delayed by Miss Lee's "holidays" with Vatican Prince Filippo Orsini in Rome, and nearly sabotaged completely when the couple tried to commit suicide. Comment . . . "I'm longing to return to Italy."

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



with the wonderful centres

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

Press Blood

I SHALL now shatter a classic rule of journalism by telling you a negative story.

No one nominated Mr Anthony Milward for the Chairmanship of the London Press Club this week.

Mr Milward, let me explain, is the Chief Executive of British European Airways, one of Britain's two state-run airlines. He is also the son of a needle-making family. And needed is precisely what Mr Anthony Milward has done to the bulk of newspapermen around Fleet Street.

Before the victims of the Munich air crash (several of them newspapermen travelling with the Manchester United team) had been buried, Mr Milward rushed into the correspondence columns of The Times to lash Fleet Street photographers with charges of intrusion and obstruction at the German hospital where survivors were being treated.

The picture conjured up by his complaint was of cancr-touting louts gate-crashing a hospital and harassing the medical staff while they were engaged in life-and-death work. Against every principle of British justice, this letter was taken as both charge and conviction. The result was a wholesale eruption of pious, prejudiced pip-squeaky directed against the British Press.

The protests of pressmen with first-hand knowledge of the affair were lost among the ululations of the holy willies demanding newspaper blood.

Nothing would do but that the matter go before the Press Council, the toothless institution of latter day journalism. (It can pronounce on Press ethics, but cannot enforce its opinions).

Well, the Press Council did take up the case. It heard the witnesses, including Mr Milward. And it completely exonerated the British Press.

Milward, it said, "was not aware of all the facts" when he made his complaint and "has given a wrong impression." Significantly, too, the Press Council deplored the fact that "so many people assumed that Mr Milward's complaint in The Times was unanswerable and joined at once in blaming the Press, making no distinction between independence and conviction."

Naturally enough, the Press expected an apology from Mr Milward. They waited in vain. Milward refused to apologise and insisted that he stood by what he had charged in his letter to The Times.

Which is why, as we said at the outset, no one nominated Mr Anthony Milward for the Chairmanship of the London Press Club this week.

Interpretation

SUPPOSE you are a military intelligence officer. You learn that your anti-pressed enemy is evacuating a highly valued unit from a tough front line position to a place of safety.

You don't have to be a Monty to deduce that the enemy has doubts about his ability to hold that front line post and is moving out of his crack troops to avoid capture or worse.

Something like this proposition prevailed in British politics this week. The Conservatives let it be known that one of their M.P.s, Sir Harry F. M. Foster, who is also Solicitor-General and is transferring from his marginal York constituency (majority 1,104) to Shug Cities of London and Westminster 18,044).

Castles

YOU can still find idealists who will assure you that "an Englishman's home is his castle." Even if his drawbridge is no more than a synthetic wood mass-produced door, once he slams it behind him, they say, he is monarch of what he surveys.

The above thought is inspired by a bout of soul-searching in the coast town of Haverley, where the local council is divided over a citizen's right to want a bit of privacy.

One of their tenants has asked permission to erect a higher-than-standard garden fence for privacy's sake. The request was rejected, one woman councillor snapping, "If people want more privacy they should buy a house of their own."

The tenant had the decision reversed on appeal, but now the whole affair has come back to the council for reconsideration. This episode is highlighted by egalitarianism in the new town of Stevenage. There, a bid is being made to stamp out house-wifely gossip—no always as charitable as it should be—by erecting high, light-reflecting fences between the gardens of council houses.

by PETER BURGONNE



"Here we are, litter bugs."

FROM RAGS TO RICHES:

He battled his way to the top—TWICE

By JOHN COTTRELL

IN 1924, a skinny 12-year-old boy went to a golf course to find work as a caddy and raise a few pennies to help pay the bills at home. Intending to ward off this fresh competition, the other caddies attacked him with sticks, challenged him to fight the biggest of their gang, and rolled him down a steep stony hill in a barrel.

The barrel smashed against rocks, and the boy's ribs were severely bruised. But he climbed back up the slope, won his fight—and the job he wanted. That was the first of many golf-course victories for William Benjamin Hogan, in less than 30 years he was to become one of the greatest golfers of all time—come say the greatest—paid as much as \$250 just for playing an afternoon exhibition round.

Of all the men who have made their way from rags to riches, none has displayed more courage and determination than Hogan. There was no luck about his success. He had to fight every inch of the way from poverty to prosperity.

And when he had won his fortune, he had to fight an even greater battle—to save himself from becoming a permanent invalid.

Ben Hogan was born in 1912 in the small cattle-town of Dublin, Texas. His father, the town blacksmith and junk dealer, died nine years later leaving his family in near-poverty.

For two years the boy sold newspapers after school, often working on the streets until after midnight.

Then, on hearing that caddies could earn 65 cents a round, he made his memorable first visit to a golf course near Fort Worth.

"Battling Ben", the other caddies called him, and he has lived up to that nickname ever since.

At that time the caddies played a game called "shag" in which they lined up and hit golf balls as far as possible. The one with the shortest drive had to retrieve all the balls.

Collecting balls often took up valuable time which could be spent caddy-ing. Ben just couldn't afford to drive short. So in the evenings he would practise for hours, hitting golf balls with a rusty left-handed driver.

Grocery Green

Eventually, the club professional gave Ben some free coaching and made him change to a right-handed club. From then on, he was a golf addict.

He would practise his strokes on the lawn at home until there came a day when he would go to the nearby grocery store, he would play golf there and back, sometimes chipping from the lawn to the next, sometimes hitting a powerful iron shot over several lawns.

At 14, Ben tied for first place in a caddy tournament and at 15, although he had never won an amateur title, he became a professional.

Between 1931 and 1939, Hogan won only one tournament. Many times he found himself without money, once he had to write a friend for funds to pay his law home after a golf match.

Persuaded

On the day of that tournament, Ben went to fetch his dilapidated car which he had parked in a side street. He found it resting on the rims of its wheels. Someone had stolen the tyres overnight.

The harassed Hogan was prepared to admit defeat. But his wife, Velma, would have none of it. She persuaded him to play in the tournament as planned.

He did—and won 380 dollars. With slavish practice and the constant encouragement of his wife, Hogan's game gradually improved until, in 1940, he became the top money-earner in American golf, ending the year with \$10,055 in prize-money.

His most astonishing performance that year was at Asheville, North Carolina, where he won the "Land of Sky" Open Championship. Incredibly, Hogan played 216 holes in 34 under par. He broke 70 no less than ten times in twelve rounds, averaging a little better than 11 under par.

In the next two years, the former caddy earned well over \$35,000 in tournaments. He became known as "Mr Golf".

After war service in the Army Air Corps, Hogan regained that title by winning \$42,558 in 1946.

In 1947 he won the All-American Tournament of Champions and led the United States Ryder Cup team against Britain.

In 1948 he won no less than eight Open Championships, including, for the first time, the American Open. His gross income that year was more than \$32,000.

The blacksmith's son had made his fortune. He never needed to worry about money again. Yet his troubles were far from being over.

In 1949, triumph was followed by tragedy. Ben Hogan was driving at 10 miles an hour through heavy fog when his beautiful new Cadillac was hit head-on by a ten-ton bus travelling at speed on the wrong side of the road.

Hogan threw himself out of the car and was pinned to the ground by his wife who was seated next to him. It was a move that saved his life. When the car was found, Ben was not in it.

deep in the driving seat. Mrs Hogan was only badly bruised in the accident. Ben was at first thought to be dead.

For eight weeks he lay in hospital with a fractured pelvis and ankle, a broken collar-bone and several smashed ribs. He was encased in plaster from his chest to his knees.

Doctors said he would never play golf again. Later, when a blood clot moved up from his left leg and reached his lungs, they doubted whether he would even walk again.

But "Battling Ben" had other ideas. As soon as he could sit up in bed, he was practising his putting and exercising his fingers to strengthen his grip. Suffering terrible pain, he spent many weeks learning to walk again.

Eight months after his crash, Hogan travelled to England as non-playing captain of the U.S. Ryder Cup team. A year after the accident, he played in a major tournament, tying for first place with Sam Snead.

Ben was much too weak to win the deciding replay. But five months later, still in agony with leg cramp, he recaptured the American Open Championship, and went on to win every major golf tournament in the States.

Back On Top

His greatest triumph came in 1953, when he won the U.S. Open for the fourth time and became the first American to win the British Open Championship at his first attempt. He also became the first man to play Scotland's 400-year-old Carnoustie course in under 70 strokes—and he did it with his first round.

That was the climax to the Ben Hogan story. On returning to the United States, he was paraded through New York and congratulated by President Eisenhower in person.

But it was not by any means the end of his fabulous success. In 1955, he tied for first place in the American Open, losing the play-off, and in 1956, at the age of 44, garnered by Sam Snead, he won the world's most coveted golfing trophy, the Claret Cup.

Hogan does not play so often nowadays. He has arthritis in the shoulder, a legacy of that terrible car crash. Some people go so far as to say that, for the first time in his life, he has lost interest in the game.

When Hogan does decide to retire permanently, he will do so as a very rich man. Apart from the fortune he has made out of golf, he has been estimated that he will receive altogether about £200,000 in compensation for his injuries. He could have been even richer, but for his rigid code of honesty. Once he turned his back on about half-a-million dollars by rejecting a proposition that Ben Hogan Schools of Golf should be opened all over the United States. He said, "I wouldn't be right, I

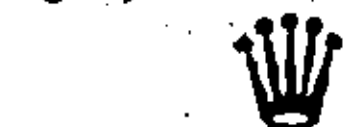


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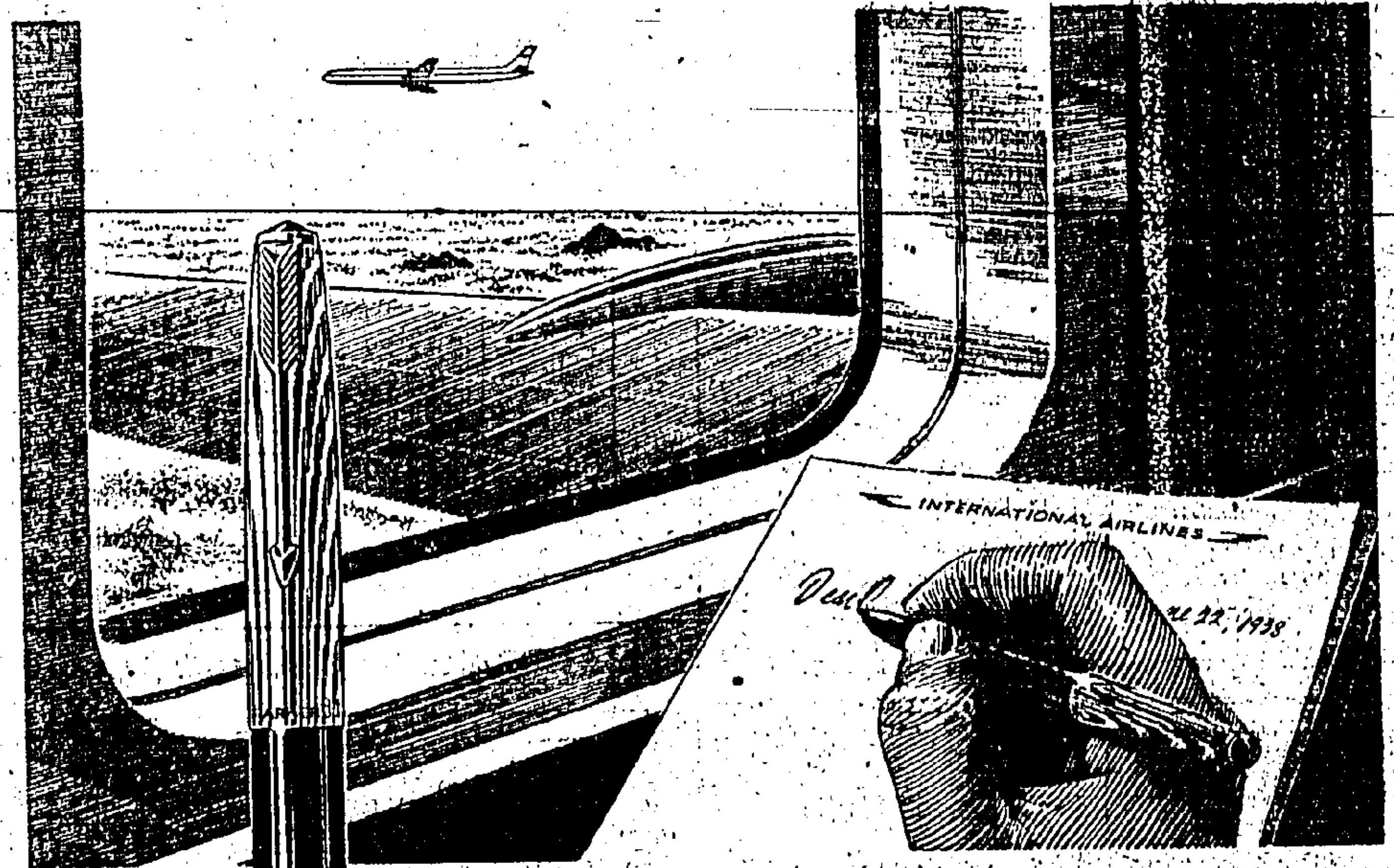
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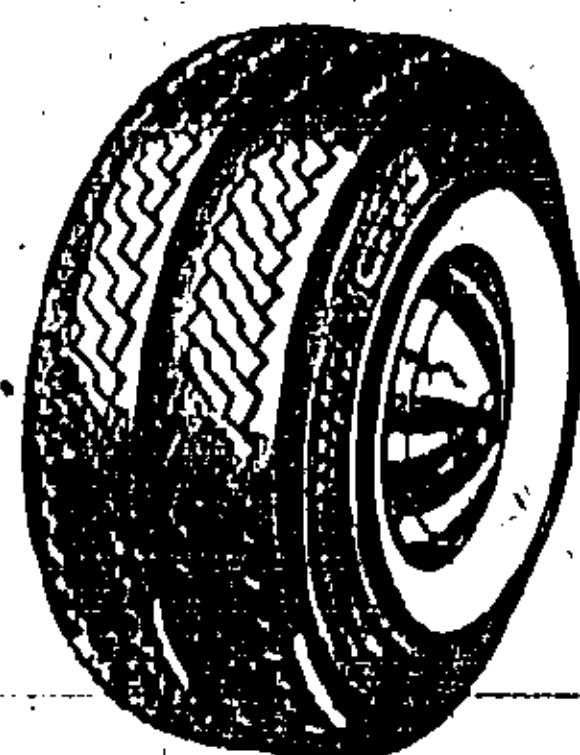
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EXPERT UNDER FIRE

Begins today—a new series by ace criminologist

EDGAR LUSTGARTEN, spotlighting the dramas

In court when counsel and expert clash...



AFTER her death, during the trial of the man who murdered her, Gertie Yates was described by a kindly witness as a Lady With Friends.

Such Ladies are, in general, dubious murder risks. They tend to form their friendships without discrimination, and every so often a Friend turns out a sexual maniac. Then the unfortunate Lady's career may abruptly end with a pathologist's report which the papers cannot print.

Gertie Yates, however—in this respect, at least, unrepresentative of her kind—brought to bear upon the exercise of her affairs strong qualities of prudence and of caution. In so far as this led her—as it did to be choosy over clients, it made her safer than most prostitutes from sexual maniacs.

But in so far as it led her—as it also did—to accumulate her earnings, keep her purse well-stocked, and invest in good jewellery which she loved to wear, it made her less safe than most from a rogue like Ronald True.

A liar, an idler

Thirty years old in 1922, True had consistently displayed from early childhood a cynical and egocentric amorality. He was a liar, an idler, and a braggart, sporadically dishonest and indifferently cruel. Possessing easy manners and a sleek exterior—sole asset salvaged from a gentle upbringing—he had recently achieved his destined terrain, the West End, where his exploits as a playboy were spurred by morphia and financed out of subventions from an indulgent mother.

Mother's means, though, while considerable, were not unlimited, and during February it became clear to True that this source of supply had temporarily dried up. No other lay in immediate prospect, and with March's advent the extravagant roisterer, accustomed to gay night clubs and chauffered limousines, found himself without the loose coins for a cup of tea.

With pawing, with borrowing, with some minor forgery, by blicking a rapid succession of hotels, for a time True contrived to keep himself afloat. But as his situation grew progressively more desperate, more desperately he cast around for fresh expedients—and more desperate the expedients over which he brooded.

At this crucial period he encountered—as she was looking out for business—Gertie Yates.

True noted her comparative affluence, realised her professional accessibility, ascertained that she lived in a basement flat alone.

The cold-blooded and mercenary plan was promptly born.

Disliked

Gertie Yates rejected all his early overtures. She instinctively disliked True and, I think, almost certainly suspected his intention was to cheat, if not actually to rob. But in the end it was on a Sunday, and trade may have been slack—she named her price, and True (of course) agreed. She believed, poor girl, that she could look after herself. It did not cross her mind—why should it have crossed her mind?—that in pursuance of his crookedness, this particular crook would stop at nothing. Nothing at all.

True killed Gertie Yates on Monday morning while she was still half asleep.

As a physical act of murder it was commonplace. Five heavy blows with a rolling-pin on the head. A towel stuffed into the mouth, doubling back her tongue. The girl's head crossed her neck, tied tightly round her neck. The dead body moved from the bed into the bathroom, and the pillows instead placed lengthwise beneath the coverlet.

Delaying tactics with the daily maid, whose early appearance took him by surprise ("Don't disturb her, we were rather late last night").

Then the pocketing of the jewels and the loose cash, and away.

'I can explain'

From the moment the detectives tracked down and arrested True a straight verdict of Not Guilty was virtually excluded. He had been recognised by the maid, contrary to his hopes. He was proved to have passed from indignance to prosperity overnight, redeeming pawned articles and paying off pressing debts. Furthermore, on the day of the murder he pledged some jewellery identified as stolen from Gertie Yates's flat. "I can explain, how I got possession of it," he assured the police—but it is an explanation for which the world still waits.

Not surprising then that Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, his defender, told the jury he assumed they would "find the hand that had killed the woman to be the prisoner's hand," and that he went all out for a verdict of Guilty but Insane.

Whether a person ranked as a lunatic under the criminal law—i.e., whether he was deranged so as to be exempt from responsibility for his act—had been determined for almost 90 years in the light of what are commonly known as the McNaghten

doctors might impose on themselves the same restraint in court.

Far too often, however, medical experts try to replace the law's definition of madness by their own.

That, fortunately, did not occur at the trial of Ronald True.

The defence's principal witness, Dr East, certainly sus-

obvious reason that he desired to conceal what he had done?"

"Yes," Dr East straight-forwardly replies.

Dr East agrees

"Then he removed the body from the bedroom into the bathroom?"

"Quite so," Dr East agrees.

"Wasn't that obviously to conceal from anyone looking into the bedroom that he had committed the act?"

"I should think so," Dr East agrees again.



Muir faces Dr East eye to eye. He asks: "All those acts were consistent with a desire to conceal the fact of murder?"

DEADLOCK—then the judge asks the critical question



**—AND THE
FATE OF
RONALD TRUE
IS DECIDED**

"Then he told the maid not to disturb her mistress?"

"Yes."

"Was that for the purpose of giving him time to get away?"

"Probably."

Muir lifts his massive head until he and Dr East are eye to eye.

"All those acts, committed on the spot and immediately after the crime, were consistent with a desire to conceal the fact of murder?"

"Yes."

"And his connection with it?"

"Yes."

Muir, a practised artist in timing, allows himself to pause.

"Does it not show," he presently goes on, beating out each word with separate emphasis, "that he knew what he had done was punishable by law?"

"Yes," Dr East says, "I think it does."

But Dr East's opinion about True's mental state at the material time has only been constricted in scope, not totally dislodged. The McNaghten Rules, it will be remembered, classify as insane anyone who did not know that what he was doing was WRONG.

Ronald True, Dr East concedes, knew that what he was doing was wrong according to the law. But the word "wrong" in the Rules has been generally interpreted so that a prisoner may still secure their dispensation if they did not know that what he was doing was wrong according to the standard of his normal fellow citizens.

Did True?

Under the strongest pressure from Sir Richard Muir, Dr East honestly maintains that he did not. In the end, it is the judge who exposes the utter absurdity of this double interpretation in a democratic state.

"If he knows it is punishable by law," Mr Justice McCardie says, "he must know it is wrong in some sense?"

Impossible to dispute that, and Dr East does not.

"And if he knows it is a crime, wouldn't you think that he must know it is a moral wrong according to the community's existing moral code?"

It might be possible to dispute that—casuistically. But Dr East is not a casuist, but an honourable physician.

"Yes, I would think so, my lord," he says.

There is a footnote to be added to the verdict—unconditional and unqualified—of Guilty that the jury must properly returned. True was subsequently granted a reprieve—on the grounds that he had since been certified insane by a Commission of medical practitioners, and that it had long been a principle of British law that no insane person should go to execution.

A footnote

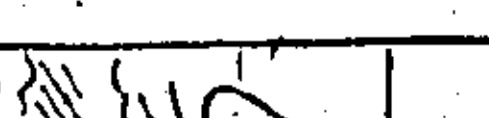
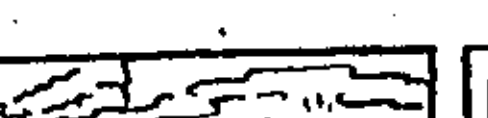
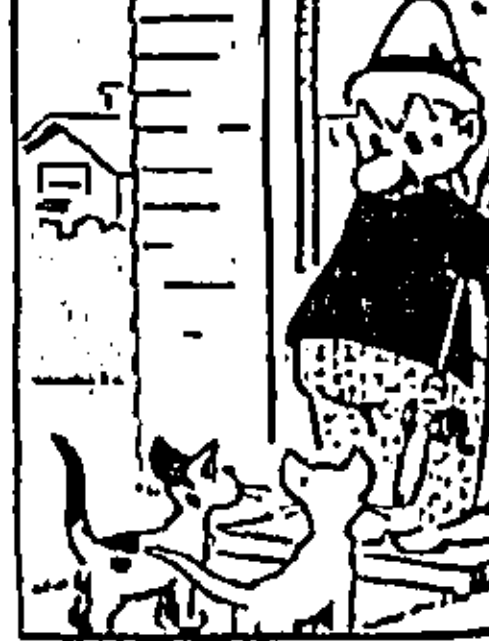
This decision, the Home Secretary took pains to point out, did not in any way conflict with the finding of the jury which was solely concerned with criminal responsibility, not with insanity at ordinary law.

There is also a footnote to be added concerning the Commission of medical practitioners. It is by John Allen—better known as the Mad Parson—who was with True at Broadmoor, where the latter managed the canteen. "In every way he was a model inmate," Allen says; and when Superintendent Hopwood was looking for men to help him run the institute, "he found the greatest of them all in Ronald True."

**Next Week:
THE CASE OF
FRANK ELLISON**

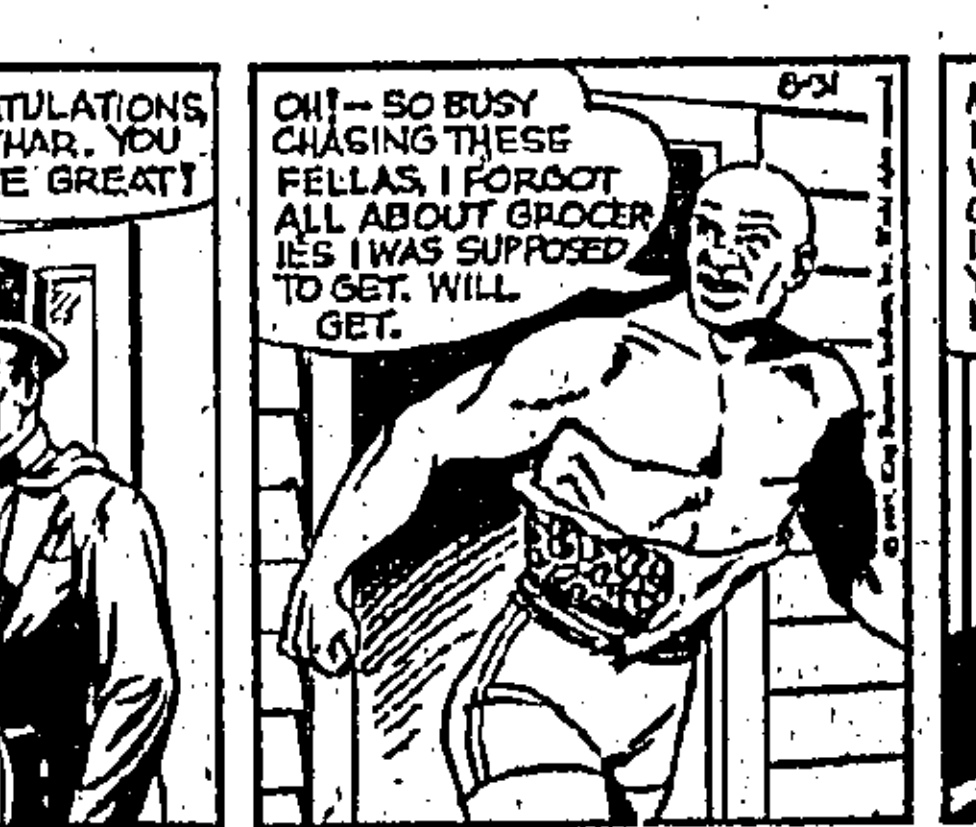
FERD'NAND

By Miki



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

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Then, as the dog approached weightless conditions a few hundred miles above the earth, it was pulsing three or four times faster than normal. But when the sputnik started its smooth orbital flight, Lalka's pulse and breathing returned to normal.

"Thus it may be said," reported A. V. Topchiyev, the Academy's scientific secretary, "that the animal withstands satisfactorily not only flight during launching and the placing of the sputnik on its orbit, but also the conditions of orbital flight."

Other parts of the general report referred to the Soviet lag in the field of biology and organic chemistry and the intention to create one of the "world's greatest scientific centres" in Siberia. It will cover 2,000 acres.

The report also speaks of "remarkable experiments" which have opened the way to controlled thermo-nuclear reaction.

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ROUND UP

Women's rights debated in UN

Geneva, 18

LADY lawyers from 18 countries met recently to discuss matters any woman would hate to have left to male discretion.

The United Nations commission on the status of women was in session. On the agenda were such matters as women's political rights, women's working rights and—above all—women's rights in matrimony.

As the debate got under way there was plenty of evidence that United Nations dealings are under a heavy masculine spell. All-day delegations were backed-up by taut-faced councillors who saw to it that no feminine whim would sweep away the political status quo.

Indeed, the meeting got off to a flying start with a petulant demand from Russia's Tamara Emshova to kick out the shy little representative of the Nationalist China, Mme Elizabeth Wang Chang. She got nowhere.

Then came the marriage issue. The women were dismayed to find that in a great many of the world's underdeveloped regions marriage still amounts to slavery for a girl.

Many countries, such as Cuba, Egypt, and even some Australian and Canadian provinces, set no minimum age for marriage.

White-bonneted Mrs Lorena Hahn, of the United States, pointed out that some Southern States have a minimum age of 14 years. She was rather annoyed at a United Nations reference quoting 12 years as the minimum marriageable age in Mississippi—a fact which caused Russia's Mme Emshova to speak of "the United States and underdeveloped territories."

Since child marriage often occurs in colonial or semi-colonial territories of Africa, the delegates from Britain, France and Belgium were often at loggerheads.

Miss Ruth Tomlinson, for the United Kingdom, counselled caution: "How can one prohibit marriage by girls under 14? One would encourage clandestine unions and the young girl, far from being protected by the law, would be exposed to great danger."

Belgium's Mme Cyfer-Diderich thought likewise.

France's Mme Lefebvreux could not have disagreed more: "I feel like a revolutionary when I compare myself with my friends, the delegates from Britain and Belgium."

Her remedy: "Impose laws that will at last afford protection to women."

What the Sputnik dog felt

Moscow.

LEADING Soviet scientists gathered in Moscow for the annual meeting of the Soviet Academy of Science, heard a detailed report last week on conditions in outer space as relayed back by the two Soviet sputniks.

Most of it was highly technical data on cosmic rays, but there were also some details about the dog Lalka's ordeal in Sputnik II.

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AH! THE HOLIDAY...



What a joy it is to hang the door on the daily round, the familiar scene...



...to savour the novelty of Continental plumbing...



...to experience the pleasures of a totally different diet...



...to adventure with a foreign pharmacy...



...to appreciate the piquancy of not needing heating in April, on the Mediterranean shore...



But, oh! What greater joy to reopen the door of one's daily round—with its English plumbing, stodgy cooking, English heating, the dear old medicine cupboard and all!

by CUMMINGS

"Why am I here?"
"You are here for one of the three following reasons: either you have asked us to treat you, because you feel that it is necessary. This is called 'Free Service' and you may ask for your release at any time.
"Or you are here because a doctor or a member of your family has asked us to treat you in your own interest: This is called 'Voluntary Confinement' and it is up to the chief doctor here to determine your release.
"Or you are here because you have been brought here by the police in the interest of yourself and society. This is called 'Official Confinement' and the Prefect of Police determines your release after consultation with the chief doctor."

THE above is a very short extract from a 14-page booklet which is handed to every mentally sick patient who enters the ever-open gates of the Ville Evrard Psychiatric Hospital on the outskirts of Paris.

On the cover of the book is the patient's name—printed by the hospital's own printing press—a press that is manned entirely by mental patients under the supervision of one male nurse. The cover of the rose-coloured booklet reads: "This has been specially printed for Monsieur X by his comrades at the hospital who wish him Welcome, Courage and Get Well Soon."

I went along to Ville Evrard this week after

reading a report made recently by the World Health Organisation. This is what the report had to say:

"Ten years ago in Ville Evrard, France, the average stay of (mental) patients before discharge was over one year. Now it is four months. This hospital, which in 1948 had 550 beds and admitted 100 new patients a year, now has only 270 beds but gives care to 600 new patients a year and the percentage of patients that must be kept indefinitely has gone down from 50 per cent to 7 per cent."

Freedom

In those few words, coldly written in an international organisation's report, lies a success story rarely to be found in the annals of medical history.

The man responsible for it all is suave, bespectacled 51-year-old Dr Paul Sivodon.

"It has been a very hard fight, up-hill most of the time," he told me. "I wanted to show France that one can cure derangements of the mind through humane methods."

He described these methods to me. If a "lunatic" is brought into his hospital by the police, for instance, and is wearing a strait-jacket, it is immediately removed and the patient is made to feel that the last thing he should wear is something that imprisons him. This is the first stage in making the patient feel at home, as it were. Generally this move to give freedom works wonders. The patient relaxes, no longer the caged animal that he was a few moments before.

He is then, given the booklet which I have already mentioned. However sick he is, he feels that he is in possession of some-

PSYCHIATRY And No BARS

By

JOHN IZBICKI, China Mail Special Writer in Paris

thing, that he is trusted to own a document. In this booklet he finds the reasons why he is in a hospital, what sort of a hospital it is, who his doctors are, the names of his nurses, when he can receive visitors and, above all, he discovers that he is at liberty to breathe the fresh air of nature and is not locked up in a cell with bars.

The way back

After observation and treatment he is put through various courses to rehabilitate him for the outside world, a world which, day by day, moves nearer to him.

In the first class (an airy gymnasium) an instructor had grouped around him a semi-circle of sitting patients. The patients had only arrived there recently. Each represented a desperate case of hypochondria, schizophrenia or sexual mania. They sat there dumb and powerless, unconscious of anything around them, including each other.

The instructor threw a football to each of them in turn. They were to throw the ball back to him. Some did this readily enough. Others let the ball roll to the ground, unable even to hold it. I spent half an hour watching the instructor persevering in his task. Soon even the most unconscious of the patients was making an attempt to return the ball.

"This is the first stage," explained Dr Sivodon. "The patient must be re-taught the sense of touch. He must learn what it is like to feel an object. After a while, two balls will be used. As the instructor throws one to the patient, the patient throws another to the instructor."

Their Art

There are art classes, sculpture, woodwork, gardening, etc. I spoke with one patient. He had been at the hospital just a little over three months. He had arrived as a violent schizophrenic, a man who was obsessed with the notion that he was a prince, but that no one loved him.

Now here was this man, a six-footer of 84 years, producing paintings and sculpting masks. He had never before touched a paintbrush or a piece of clay in his life. Yet there

was a great style in his power of imagination.

The features were negroid—flat nose, thick lips. The lips were parted slightly in every case and, also in every case, the slanting eyes were closed. I asked the patient whether he liked producing these masks.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But it is very difficult to do, you know. I cannot open the eyes yet, but I shall one day."

"He is making very good progress," Dr Sivodon said as we moved on.

Mademoiselle Tournaud proved to be popular among all the patients. She stopped to chat with each one of them. They came to her to shake hands and have a laugh. Mademoiselle Susanne Tournaud is in charge of the psychology section of the hospital.

"I have been here for ten years," she told me, "ever since this hospital opened. Now I feel it is hard to leave. We enjoy our work so much, and you know, a lot of the patients come back and ask for the doctor who treated them when they were sick. Just to have a little chat. They almost feel that they have to come in. It is sometimes their most treasured possession."

Diabolos

I saw the printing press where patients produce their own magazine. I read a copy and could not believe that the writers were any more abnormal than you or I. In the workshop class I was surprised to see patients using sharp tools.

"I can see what you are thinking," Dr Sivodon laughed. "But they do not injure themselves. Oh yes, they are all in an advanced or reasonably advanced stage of insanity. Yet they feel that they have a responsible task to perform and these are their tools. If they wanted to cut their veins, they would go and search for something quite different, but they would never use the tools with which they have been trusted."

There is a bar and a wonderful canteen. In the bar (a proper bar with high stools and little tables) one can buy coffee, tea, minerals and a curious drink called "Diabolos," for 20 francs each (42¢).

"It is the only place where they need to spend money," I was told. "It gives them the sense of handling coins and makes them feel important."

"The alcoholics drink Diabolos (a harmless mineral) mixed with a dash of lemon, because it looks similar to Pernod, a strong liquor. In the canteen, the alcoholics are given a large bottle of mineral water with his meals. The others get half a glass of wine. This gives the alcoholics a sense that he has more than the others and can even offer a glass to his 'unfortunate' friends."

The wards or dormitories are not like barracks-like affairs that one finds in the old-fashioned mental homes. Each bed is surrounded by a little garden

or curtain. The patient has his own wardrobe, his own bookshelf. This is perhaps the biggest revolution in the case.

All the doors are open. Any patient may leave or "escape" if he wishes to do so, but he never does. He knows he is there to be helped and submits readily to the treatment. There are no bars to the windows. Doctors, nurses and patients are on Christian-name terms with one another. The whole makes a friendly, homely, informal atmosphere.

The way out

After the patient is well enough to be released, the hospital helps him find a job, and during the first three months of his earning time he is able to live FREE OF CHARGE at the hospital's excellent, modern, recently-established hostel some four miles from the actual hospital.

Now look at some of the statistics. At Dr Sivodon's hospital there are at present: One Chief Doctor, 2 assistants, 9 interns (student doctors), 1 psychiatrist, 1 physiotherapist, 20 re-education monitors and 100 nurses.

This is a total of 134 staff.

The number of patients: 250.

In the surrounding hospitals, one doctor and one assistant with a handful of nurses look after 500 patients.

The average stay of a patient in 1958 was 300 days. Today the average stay has fallen to about 130 days. It is a record of which Dr Sivodon may well be proud. Eighty per cent of his cases are released fully cured, while another ten per cent are transferred into family care (i.e., partially cured); about eight per cent are chronic cases and only 1.5 have died in the past year.

On the night that Nelson lost his nerve

AS the year grows colder the wild things get more sluggish and like to wait until the sun has warmed the day up a bit before starting the desperate search for food to keep them alive.

How do I know? Because, all the year round, I see two downs out of three, whether the sun comes up like a ball of fire or is shrouded by dripping grey clouds.

For thousands of years poets have sung the glory of the coming day, and they'll continue to do so as long as the human race endures. But my reason—although I love the dawn as the best part of the day—is more prosaic.

My restless imagination used to give me insomnia until, some years ago, I worked straight through for 24 hours and then slept without stirring for 12.

My insomnia vanished when I started to run the regular 28 hours up (not all of them working-hours) and ten to bed.

And I estimate that this timetable gains me two hours in the

UP COUNTRY—by
THURLOW CRAIG

24 that would otherwise be wasted in sleep—a clear gain of a month's life in every year.

One night, quite early, the owls were out in force, hooting and hunting, which indicates that even on cold nights there are mice about.

At about bedtime Nelson the zatter was called in, so up the drive sauntered that exasperating little cat, taking his time as cats will.

But suddenly a silent shape of ghostly white swooped down from the stable weathercock and alighted on Nelson, almost brushing him.

As the kitten got into top gear with a frantic screech and slammed the clutch in, the great barn owl zoomed up to, a perch on top of the walnut tree.

Nelson streaked to safety with a tail like a fluo-brush and his nose deathly pale, while the owl gave a short-hoot of indulgent decision and flew away on silent wings.

There are some who maintain that a sense of humour is limited to the human animal,

but the longer I live around fur and feather the less I believe it.

Up to that point the sky had been clear. The lights from isolated farms and small-holdings up and down the valley blinked out one by one, until mine alone glowed in futile competition with the stars and a bright half moon.

I heard the rhythmic wing-beat of a pair of swans flying along the river and wondered what had put them up, wishing they wouldn't fly by night because accidents have been known to happen. Some time ago, on a pitch-black night, a couple landed on the rain-wet road, doubtless mistaking it for a nearby canal.

They left a long trail of feathers on the road and were seen next day waddling grumpily down to the canal. For the rest of the year, it is said, they stuck to swimming.

Died away...

Slowly the powerful wing-beats died away, and soon I heard a little wind moan up the valley, soft but menacing. Then the owls fell silent and the moon clouded over, no more to appear that night.

The rain started to fall, and there wasn't a thing to be seen or heard save the glint of my lamp on the raindrops, the steady patter on the roof, and the rising roar of our little brook as it ran ever faster and bigger down the mountainside.

Then came the dawn. When I had started things in the kitchen, renewed the dust on the line, and thrown some bread outside, only then did the tit and sparrow venture forth from their dry houses into the cruel, cold day, angrily demanding the food that was already waiting for them.

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THE days themselves form no part of a normal experience. The administration under which we moved, the ethics imposed upon us have no parallel in any community outside the new Communist states.

Fantastic as it seems, you would have to turn to the ancient Hebrew scriptures to find a similar situation. By that, I mean such scriptures that describe a whole town convicted of sin, and too late, returning to repentance. The reader who has traced the evolution of Communist theory from Marx through its various stages under the ordinary priest Stalin, will readily recognize the atmosphere I am trying to convey to the reader who knows nothing of it.

We were runners, either of commission or omission. We were guilty of standing six feet high; we were guilty of having "haughty looks"; we were guilty of everything we were.

Just as an ancient Hebrew prophet would rage with accusing tongue against a civilization he had never seen, and denounce its gods and its people for being what they were, so we were guilty because we were what we were. There was a way, and we had not taken it. The sackcloth and ashes of repentance were there for those who would turn them; but for those who would throw themselves at the mercy seat and with tears, confess themselves heretics, if only accidental ones. The very phrase, "The Truth of Mary," showed that the new way of life was far beyond a political creed or economic theory.

Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, were the new Trinity. And now a new star of hope had risen in the East to bring the sign of new life to China. One was aware of breathing an air that was apocalyptic. The forces were being turned. The seeds were being broken, and strange forces were being released upon the earth, and the capitals and kingdoms of the old capitalist world would cry for the mountains to fall upon them and cover them.

There was no union, no real comradeship. The consequences were too enormous for any man to associate himself and his household with any other group. True we drank beer together, we took coffee at Kieseling and Bader's, but everyone was a private bundle of worry and anxiety, a searcher of his own soul, an examiner of his own conscience. None but a fool would commit sin against the State, but was there a sinful action of which he was unaware?

A Lost Soul

Had he spoken at the wrong time? Had he laughed at a procession? Was there a book somewhere that was now in the Communist Index? Was his ignorance of what was required, reckoned as sin? If so, what would his penance be? Held for questioning? Gao, without the option? There was no escape. He had now arrived at purgatory, and heaven was on a ship, three miles out in the ocean.

There were lost souls, and new from them. We would not acknowledge them. They roamed Tientsin longing for someone to speak to. I did not recognise them from any former life, but one day I heard an Englishman shout at one of them, and tell him to keep out of his way.

This fantastic episode, took place in Kieseling and Bader's. We were sitting having coffee

LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By JOHN LUFF

when an Englishman entered. It was a seedy looking individual. Suddenly he saw a man he knew and went up to him and sat down. After they had spoken, the second man rose and shouted: "Get out of it."

No one asked questions, but later in the day, I saw the Englishman who had shouted and asked him what was the matter. The week before, the "lost soul" had got as far as the ship, and was having his luggage searched before getting on. All went well, and he was replacing his toilet articles when he was seen to put a tube of toothpaste in his pocket. He was called back, the toothpaste was examined, and curled up inside the tube was a roll of American dollars. He was detained, and now he roamed Tientsin, waiting for the decision of the high council. We flew before him, in case by association we became spotted with his guilt.

High Priest

Then there was the tall American who had drunk too deeply of the last of the German brews, potent beers, the secret of some long forgotten brew-master. When the tall American was searched, he revealed the familiarity of the questioning hands, so he lashed out.

He was the showpiece of the town, for he had been led from the searching ground in handcuffs. The most we gave him was a surreptitious nod, for he had as we were, struck down a priest at the high altar, and the mark of death was upon him. Yet with it all, the days passed pleasantly enough. Divorced from time, in the sense of conscious living in a real world, ambitious of nothing, for my destiny was no longer a thing over which I had any control, I lived the idle days away. The Tientsin Club, and the Tientsin

Club, at the request of

Jardines, placed such facilities as still existed, at my disposal. I sat and read strange books for me. "The Channings," by Mrs. Henry Wood. I chose that because the opening lines read: "The sweet bells of Hestonich Cathedral were ringing out in the summer's afternoon." I read of the misfortunes of the Channing family, and in that far away Victorian England, they seemed the very mountains from molochs. I read dozens of such books, and all I asked was to read of a sweet-pleasant England, where men can meet in the twilight, and beer flows cool from a cask, and to the soft glow of the darts, I could talk and say what I liked about the government or Prime Minister, without the fear of the landlord calling the police.

I determined I would return to England, and never leave again. I would become a sort of literary gipsy, and sell clothes by day, and under the stars, I would compose sonnets of beauty, and hawk them along with my pegs.

One evening, returning to the Court Hotel, I saw a police

cordons through around the door, and at the side door were two more. To have turned back would have been madness. I searched my soul, but I had done no wrong, so I entered my rooms, I sat in the bar, and as usually as I could, called for a beer.

Around me were the other guests, who whispered in a

dozen different languages. All tried to appear as if no policeman stood upon the stairs with revolver drawn, or tried to ignore the policeman at the back door, or on the service stairs, or watching from the door, or stationed in a ring around the building. Trembling hands reached for long steel glasses. We waited for chickens to tug from above as some persons of guilt were apprehended, and perhaps taken away to die.

After what seemed hours, a dice procession descended the stairs. A Russian woman, her head bent low with fear, and Indian gentleman, and another pair. The police officer seemed terribly stern, and I wondered what terrible evidence he carried in his hand.

The brigade of police reformed, and the prisoners were marshalled within the police vans. There was no need for chains or handcuffs. Fear held them chained as they marched away.

Now they had gone, we breathed more freely, and with that utter callousness, escape from danger brings to us all, we found the joy of being alive. Do it to them, shoot them, question them, do it to my brother, my wife, my mother, but leave me alone.

None dared ask what crime they had committed. The very mention of that awful action would, by its utterance, incriminate the speaker with the stain of its iniquity. But in the whispers over our beer, we heard, these four wicked people, these unmentionably foul sinners, had been playing Mah Jong, that the State can be meritorious, and in such cases mercy was asked and mercy was found. The worst that happened was, the guilty person owning the set had to take one piece every day, and surrender it at the police station

at the greatest distance in the town from their residence.

Another night, while reading in my room, and not counting the passing hours, there was a knock at the outer door, and immediately the police burst into my sitting-room. I rose from the easy chair, and glanced my book on top of the pile of books I had borrowed from the Tientsin Club library.

I asked to whom I was indebted for the honour of this I am, visit, but they were under no obligation to reply. Firmly, yet courteously, they demanded they search my rooms. I pointed out that my wife was sleeping in the next room, and that she would be frightened to see her room invaded by the police. But by this time she had awakened, and was calling out, asking for an explanation. As calmly as I could, I said the police were in making a routine visit.

They searched feverishly, even under the bed, and then, they began a conversation in English. This was most unusual, but they associated me with some degree of scholarship, perhaps my books had intrigued them, for among the books I was taking out with me were certain works of Hegel, Marx, and Lenin. I do not know what they wanted, I do not know to this day, perhaps it was merely routine. Then came the wonderful news that our ship was in. I went down to have a look at her. O wonderful ship! O splendid ship! She seemed to me the most wonderful craft that ever

sailed the seven seas. I stood and gazed for hours. I recognised my cabin trunk as it was hoisted aboard. And, more wonderful news, I should not have to sleep in that huge tented dormitory, for Juridine's had arranged for one of the officers to give up his cabin to me.

So came the last day. We, who were travelling on the Heinrich Jensen, now became a sort of aristocracy. We were pointed out in the cafes, we assumed a new respect, we were chosen people about to embark upon a fantastic voyage which finished up in another world.

We said farewell to all who had done their best to make our stay comfortable, and left for the riverside where the ship would swing round with the tide, and nose her way to the sea.

So it was, that hot May afternoon of 1958, I stood along with some crowd of Europeans and an enormous number of refugees from Harbin, to await the final search demanded before we were released.

High above, the air was yellow and hot for a wind was blowing from the Gobi Desert. Scraps of ground sheets were placed on the ground, and we had to lie on our sides and wait for the inspectors to give us the signal to depart. God knows why they spent so much time with the poor Harbin refugees, in scraps of clothing, as did as any worn by the Piper of Hamelin, they carried all their wealth in miserable tattered sacks, and torn old haversacks. They emptied the wretched remnants of their lives, and wealth onto the ragged ground-

off my coat, I did this and she emptied the pockets onto the ground, but I had only the legal number of Hongkong dollars the law permitted.

I made a clumsy attempt to a new travelling case. It had a zip-fastener, but the previous searches had caused a silk scarf to become entangled in the zip. With my hands shaking, I made a clumsy attempt to open the case, but my delay infuriated her. In her fury, she tore the zip away from the case, and then turned my bag upside down and shook everything over the ground.

Now everything seemed to have been cleared up in my eyes. I turned round to look at the ship, but I could not make out the faces. All I could see were the faces of the mob waiting by the docks. The young woman approached me again. This time I had to submit to a more humiliating search.

Then suddenly she gave up. She gave a signal, and the Customs man told me I could go. He gave me the Boarding card, but I was in such a state that I could not grip it. Then she came along, the young woman trampled over my things, and all scattered in the dust. I bent down and tried to repack them, but my broken case would not hold them. All I could do was to get on board the ship. At the bottom of the gangway, in trying to reach for my ticket, while at the same time, hanging onto my clothes, I fell into the water. A kindly official came to my rescue, and I staggered on board.

An officer helped me to my cabin, and poured a stiff whisky down my throat. To this day I do not know why I was selected as the victim for such an ordeal. All I can think was I was probably the one who would have looked the best had I lost my head and gone berserk. That I refused to do. Later a Chinese official came on board. He apologised, and hoped I would not lose China to the upstart memories. He said, the Chinese were not all like that woman. I knew that, for I had seen her before. Once at a trial in Germany I had seen her. Then she was tall thin, and she had pale blue eyes and fair hair. She had been whipping Jewish female prisoners, and had undressed them in the snow, and had frozen them to death.

So the Heinrich Jensen sailed. All night we looked up at the river mouth, and the next morning the Captain pointed her nose to sea. We sailed out some three miles and a bit more to make sure. And then we were free. The sun came out, a seagull flew. A week and a bit later, we entered Hongkong at dawn. A police launch came out, and from its mast flew a Union Jack.

And when I saw that flag

opening on the soldiers approach- ed us.

This time, they let my wife go on board, after a young Communist woman had blue her hands into a jar of face cream. The other two European men were searched by the soldiers, and were allowed to go on board, but I was made to remain. As if anticipating the approach of the top of the hill turn, the crowd outside began to howl, and I began to sweat more profusely than the hours in the hot dusty atmosphere warranted.

I turned to look back at the ship. The officers were all along the rail, and the more lucky voyagers were lining the rail, looking down on the one left behind. My wife now took her place at the rail. An officer waved, as if to encourage me. I think it meant, "This has happened before, just take it calmly." The young Communist woman now took over. The police, the soldiers, the Customs officials, were her subordinates.

She was a coiled spring of hatred in her shapeless uniform and short black hair, which protruded from beneath her cap.

She approached me with a burning hatred in her eyes and pointed to the ground. I took this to be a signal to open my hand luggage again, which I did. She threw my toilet articles in the dust. She squeezed out my toothpaste, and emptied my hair oil onto the ground.

By now, the heat and the dusty atmosphere had made me a bit dizzy, and I was dying for a drink. I wanted to scream, "What the hell are you looking for?" but I knew that was what she was waiting for me to do. She then ordered me to take



They made me a temporary member of the Tientsin Club.

IN CHARLOTTE STREET ALEC DE ANTIQUIS WAS SHOT—CHANCE VICTIM OF ONE OF LONDON'S MOST SENSELESS CRIMES

THIS began the great Soho manhunt

LONDON DRAMAS

A MAN stood looking in the window of Jay's the Jewellers on the corner of Charlotte Street and Tottenham Street. It was his wife's birthday in a few days. As he peered for a possible present among the unredemmed pledges his eye caught the image of a car in the window, sliding to a stop behind him. The driver went inside.

A moment later there was a shot. Then sounds of a struggle in the shop and three men in masks ran out.

They reached the corner of the street. There was another shot. A motorcyclist fell into the roadway.

This was how, shortly after 2.30 on April 29, 1947, Alec de Antiquis met his death. He was 34, a motor engineer on a trip to town to collect spares for his business. He was murdered as he rode home to his wife and six children in Collier's Wood.

'Stop them!'

Women screamed; some flattened themselves on the pavement. Windows shot up and the people of Soho leaped out. Men shouted "Stop them!"

But the killers vanished. And the biggest manhunt of recent years started. In corner cafes with steamy windows the questioning went on. Among shops selling Arle Spumone, and pasta in the Greek and Turkish restaurants; in the basements turning out piece work for the rag trade. Murder could have had no more flimsy setting.

It was Tottenham Place, 300 yards from where de Antiquis was shot, that success came. A raincoat was found.

Back at Scotland Yard the mackintosh was quickly—and with some disappointment—identified: the kind of coat that had been issued in hundreds of thousands to demobbed ex-servicemen. In addition, the maker's name had been removed.

So the garment was ripped apart. Under the lining was a stock ticket. After prolonged research it was discovered that the coat had been sent from a Leeds factory to Deptford or Bermondsey.

Today, that might well have been the end of the hunt. But in 1947 clothing shops took customers' names as a precaution against forged clothing coupons.

Set free

A laborious check of lists from shops in Deptford and Bermondsey began. The identity emerged of someone known to be related to Charles Henry Jenkins.

Charles Henry Jenkins, 35-year-old lighterman, had been released from Brixton six days before the Antiquis shooting.

He was brought in and questioned. He admitted nothing except that he knew the raincoat had been sent to a man in Tottenham Court Road. He was set free and shadowed day and night.

Jenkins was found to be meeting a 17-year-old called

by JOHN WATERMAN

Roll. TERENCE PETER ROLL, a warehouseman, had once been bound over. He was questioned, admitted nothing, and also went free.

Investigations were then concentrated round the activities of these men, and anyone who might talk about them.

Soon, someone did talk. On the night Jenkins came out of Brixton there had been a celebration at a Clerkenwell public house. Roll and CHRISTOPHER JAMES GERAGHTY, 20-year-old labourer, another ex-Brixton inmate, had been among the organisers.

The defence plied up. Jenkins, Geraghty and Roll were arrested.

Five days later

On the night of the party, apparently they had talked about the possibility of raiding a jeweller's shop. Five days later they met again and decided to carry out the raid on Jay's the following day.

The raiding of April 29 was mild and springlike as Jenkins, Geraghty and Roll set out, guns in their pockets, shortly after midnight. They got on the underground at Shadwell.

They booked to George Street and walked from there to Jay's. Jenkins, dark and handsome, Geraghty a cocky, early version of the Teddy Boy, Roll looking as if he had hardly left school.

When they arrived there were too many people about to carry out the raid. The trio went to a cafe to discuss plans. They decided to steal a car.

Two turnings away in Whitfield Street stood a new Vauxhall. Roll sorted through a bunch of car keys, he carried. He unlocked the car and drove it to the shop while the other two waited. It was nearly 2.30.

Into the pledge department went Jenkins, then Roll, both masked. They jumped the counter. An assistant threw a stool at them, and pressed an alarm buzzer. There was a struggle in which Mr Alfred Stock, a director of the firm, was hit over the head with a revolver butt.

At this moment Geraghty went in the front door and held up a assistant, Mr William Hew, 55, blind, and kept quiet, he said through his mask.

Then, inexplicably, he fired a shot which went through a glass panel and embedded itself in the wall of the pledge office.

It was the downfall of the raid. All seemed had gone, and the three had met unexpected resistance. Empty-handed—but for their guns—they dashed to the car.

Its path was blocked by a lorry. Panic set in. Around the car a crowd was gathering. They abandoned the car and ran up Tottenham Street.

It was at this unfortunate second that Alec de Antiquis rode his motor cycle across the junction of Tottenham Street and Charlotte Street. He appeared to everyone, and then stood up in the saddle as if about to get off. Geraghty, at point-blank range, fired at him, de Antiquis died on the way to Hospital.

Mr Charles Grimshaw, a surveyor, saw this happen and tackled either Jenkins or Roll—not, later, be sure which. They rolled on the pavement. A gun slithered into the road. Then Geraghty came up. Mr Grimshaw was killed and threatened. "Keep off!"

The raiders disappeared up the street.

Third mistake

About 2.40 Mr Albert Grubb was turning his taxi down Tottenham Place. Two men appeared running. One jumped on his running board. Mr Grubb brushed him off. The two men then ran into Brook House, a block of offices.

It was here that Geraghty made his third and ultimately incriminating mistake. Geraghty it was who had fired the shot that killed the alarm. Geraghty it was who had shot de Antiquis. Now, before escaping, he bundled his raincoat up and left it behind a counter—in a disused painter's store room at the top of Brook House.

The trial of Geraghty, Roll and Jenkins opened at the Old Bailey on July 21, 1947.

Both Geraghty and Roll admitted being involved in the crime. Jenkins did not. His defence was based on an alibi. He said he was with his sister at a factory in Clerkenwell until about 2.30 p.m. and later with her at another factory where he asked for work.

But when a witness was called on the Clerkenwell firm he could go no further than saying that Jenkins was there "until after 2 p.m."

Geraghty, defended by Mr Paul Wrightson, had made a statement admitting during the shooting they did not believe Jenkins alive. They returned a verdict of "Guilty."

On September 19, Geraghty and Jenkins were hanged, at Farnborough.

Today, the only physical mark left by the Antiquis murder is a one-inch plus of plaster where a bullet hit a piece of wooden paneling. In the pledge department of Jay's the jewellers is the sole reminder of one of London's most senseless crimes.

No case

Mr Wrightson submitted that Geraghty had no case to answer on the question of murder. The evidence did not show that de Antiquis was trying to stop the raiders.

Mr Justice Hallett summed up: "If he (Geraghty) was shooting at Antiquis with intent to resist lawful apprehension, and killed him unintentionally, I say that is murder and nothing else."

The jury, nine men and three women, were out for 60 minutes. They were not convinced by the pleading. They did not believe Jenkins alive. They returned a verdict of "Guilty."

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(London Express Service)



"Accidents will happen, but there's no risk of radiation. It will all clear up in a month—I hope!"

Next Week
The Reason for it all

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

It Takes Time And Much Patience

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

PERHAPS there's no more trying problem for the young mother than training her baby in good toilet habits. It takes eternal patience, vigilance and self-discipline. Yet some mothers manage it very easily, even before the child is two or three.

A Pennsylvania mother writes of her 20-month-old son: "I just started last week to toilet-train him. Each day he seemed to do a little better than the last, until this week. Now he seems not to be interested in trying at all."

No Jitters

"Even though he doesn't talk, he does jabber and make signs and noises, so that he should be able to make known to me when he has to go. However, I can't do it to get him to stay there long enough. He'll just sit a moment, then away he goes."

"This week he has had bronchitis, so I'm not scolding or punishing him. Will his patience come back when he gets over his sickness?"

Advice To Mother

This was my reply in part: Any illness can easily upset progress at toilet-training. If I were you, I would just have a vacation of a week or two from training that child. Act as if you had never started to train him.

When you try it again, don't expect him to tell you when he wants to go, but take that responsibility yourself. Experiment until you find the best time to attend him and post a

tentative schedule to follow, revising it from time to time. I don't believe you will get him to go with you without resistance and to sit comfortably for as long as necessary. Show your approval for his co-operation with a gentle pat and tender tones. To get him to sit there long enough, give him a toy or picture book. It might be good even to give him a bit of candy at first, if you would brush his teeth afterward. This might work and it might not. However, calmness and patience will eventually win. Be happy with small signs of progress.

You refer only to his wetting. Unless you have succeeded with his bowel evacuation, it is better to attack this problem first (certainly not both at once). The child's diet and eating habits may be involved, so it's well to keep in touch with your physician.

Answering Parents' Questions

Q. Our pediatrician says our baby will have a noticeable disfigurement on his face all his life as the result of an accident. A. Discipline yourself to accept this fact. Never refer to it. When others ask about it, say nonchalantly, "Accident," then quickly shift the conversation.



GLAMOROUS FOR A DATE, she checks her face in a compact mirror. She should give her looks the same attention every day.

"YOU look so beautiful I didn't recognise you!" Is that statement a compliment? Not to our way of thinking! It implies that, last time, the party in question looked a fright.

GLAMOROUS OCCASION

Yet there are women who hear such comments. They go along, day in and day out, appearing plain and dreary. Along comes the annual office dance and they go all out in preparations, arrive glittering with glamour, are scarcely recognised by co-workers.

There is, for example, a teenager, Shirley, we know who had just such an experience. She met a boy she knew at a church dance, but he didn't know her, and small wonder.

The lad in question held an after-school and Saturday job at the local grocery store. Sure, he'd seen Shirley, doing the shopping for her mother, but it was a Shirley in slacks and

PLEASANT SURPRISE

It was a pleasant surprise for the lad and a lesson for Shirley. Her shopping appearance improved considerably as a result.

The motto of the story is to take pride in appearance every day, not just for special occasions.

What's more, if you're not a natural beauty, why should people know? Keep your beauty problems a secret. Never appear in public unless "your face is on."

No one need know mascara, powder and rouge make a pretty face. That's your secret and, if you're smart, you'll keep it just that.

—JEANNE D'ARCY

WOMEN TIPPING HATS TO MEN MAY BE NEXT

By JOSEPH FLEMING

WOMEN who live under Communism are in danger of having to tip their hats to men. They also face the prospect of losing their right to alimony if their husbands divorce them.

And if married, they're going to have to pay their own way.

The privilege of keeping heads covered in the presence of men is one of the few still reserved to girls under the "equal rights" granted them by Communism.

But now the old custom of men tipping their hats to the ladies is being questioned in the Soviet zone.

Some men express the view that equal rights requires a woman to tip her hat in return when she is greeted by a man.

MORE PRESSURE ON WIVES

"Equal rights" under Communism has meant the most for women than hard work in factories and farms. After work they still must do their endless household chores without the aid of washing machines and countless other appliances.

LEAVE AND LEARN

She denounced as "house tyrants" husbands who oppose their wives taking jobs.

Wives, she said, who do not realize their must work if they really want to be equal are simply stupid.

Lack of training is no excuse, she said. She asserted that wives could leave their husbands "for some time" in order to learn a trade.

Red Hilde, whose husband is dead, said the new family law virtually would abolish alimony. She said divorced women would get alimony only in exceptional cases.

If a man has to pay alimony it can limit his active participation in the building of socialism, she said.

The new family law, Frau Benjamin said, legally will relieve working wives to pay half of the household costs.

The law presumably will say nothing about tipping hats.

But men after men in letters to one East Berlin newspaper said it was ridiculous for a man to tip his hat to a woman.

Erich Meister of the East German city of Gera wrote, "Considering equal rights, every woman should be obliged to tip her hat when her husband or another man greets her by tipping his hat."

We'd rather live in London than anywhere . . .

(and we've tried California)

SIX years ago the Brown family—actor Phil, wife Ginny, schoolboy sons Robin and Jed—transferred headquarters from their sick, ship-up-to-date villa in the Hollywood hills to a 70ft. converted motor-boat moored alongside Chiswick Mall. A big step—whether you reckon it in miles or mod cons. But the Browns have no regrets.

"With us and London it was a case of love at first sight," says California-born Ginny.

London seems to be returning the compliment. Phil Brown is currently starring in one play and producing another. Robin and Jed, 14 and 11, are the lions of the local grammar school. And pretty Ginny Brown, with two exhibitions behind her, is making a name for herself as a painter of riverside life.

Four in a boat is a living arrangement that suits the well-adjusted, resilient Brown family very well.

"It would have to be a very special house to get me to move off my boat," says Ginny.

Looking round the Mayflower—the name alludes to the red-discovery of Britain by the Browns family—one sees what she means.

It would fit comfortably five times over—into the Laurels, Chiswick villa. But for all that the Mayflower is a very special boat.

The weatherbeaten hull, bought six years ago by the Browns, has been transformed at the expense of more imagination than cash into a compact, colourful home.

THREE TELEPHONES

Ample accommodation, two cabins, kitchen, bathroom and sitting-room scooped out of what was once an engine-room, even a workshop—tucked into the bows. There is no air-conditioning, but there are three telephones ("just like Hollywood") and a TV set.

The colour scheme—reds, sage green, yellow—was thought out by Ginny. Wherever possible the furniture is built in.

"It saves space and solves the problem of how to keep things steady when the boat begins to rock. And she does rock," says Ginny, who roped with frequent bouts of sea-sickness before she settled down to life at an acute angle.

Boat-dwellers have to match up to far greater hazards than queasy stomachs. "Leak" is a word with nightmarish associations aboard the Mayflower.

There was the time that Phil, hurrying to a rehearsal, opened the bungs at low water and forgot to replace them. An hour later the boat was knee-deep in brackish Thames water. Worse still, there was the time last summer when Ginny set off for an hour's shopping and returned to find her floating home no longer afloat.

"There it was, like a big black slug, right at the bottom of the river," she recalls.

Luckily, co-operative neighbours salvaged most of the Brown's portable possessions before the Mayflower took its dive. Among them the collection of Ginny's paintings now splashed across one sitting-room wall.

The charms of life afloat are another story—and the Browns



The Browns relax aboard the Mayflower.

Actress Tells You How To Start Conversation



SHY ABOUT talking? Ask people about themselves, advises actress Elaine Stritch. It's a good conversation-starter.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

IT'S terrible to be shy, tongue-tied, afraid to open your mouth, always at a loss for something to say.

This is something that comes upon us all occasionally—when we're overwhelmed by meeting someone we admire tremendously, when we're thrown into a group of total strangers, when we're with people who are discussing something we don't know the first thing about.

Ask for Opinions

"You can always keep talk going by asking for somebody's opinion. What does a woman think about the new chemise shape? What does a man think about the United States missile program?"

"Once you get the conversation started," said the talkative blonde, "you can just sit back, make an occasional comment, pose a question or two. It's easy as that."

A Last Thought

As an afterthought, she added: "Nobody should worry about not being a talker. That's not the important thing. If you don't like to gab, just cue the talkers and they'll carry on."

"Don't think it's a dreadful thing to be a quiet person. Not at all. The big bores aren't quiet people. They're people who talk and talk and talk—much too much!"

It's good advice, but it posed a question: And then what?

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Good Advice

"Plunge right into a conversation," she said. "It's just like swimming. Don't be frightened. Don't spatter conversation around violently. Be calm. Take it easy. But say something—something simple and commonplace. Even mention the weather."

It's good advice, but it posed a question: And then what?



WHITE French broche, woven with lime green flowers, is used for this penguin line cocktail dress by London Town. A slotted tab holds the two skirts together at the front.

MARRIAGE, YES; BUT JOBS TOO. IN TEENS' FUTURE

By GAY PAULEY

A BUNCH of statisticians, gazing into their crystal balls, have decided that today's high school girl has a mighty healthy chance of catching a husband. But marriage won't remove her from the labour market.

The Institute of Life Insurance, browsing through statistics from the government's Bureau of Labour files, worked out the futures of any group of 100 girls of high school age.

Here are some highlights: Out of 100, about 80 will be married by the time they are 20; nearly 90 per cent will be wed by the time they are 30.

WORKING WIVES

Of the 10 per cent who will probably remain single, most will work for a total of about 40 years each.

For a majority of the 100, marriage no longer is considered a signal to give up a job right away. Today's typical young wife, the institute said, continues to work to supplement the family income. Many girls marry men still studying, and work until their husbands are qualified.

Most working wives will leave the job when the first child arrives. Homemaking remains their only occupation at least until the youngest child is at school. Nevertheless, close to 15 per cent of women (with

very young children will continue to work.

The typical young wife has her first child when she is 22. The second arrives when she is 25 and the third when she is 27.

The most common reason for returning to work, after the children are in school, is economic. As children grow, so do family expenses, and so does the necessity to save funds for higher education. But the institute said there are other reasons. Some women would rather hold an outside job than remain at home while the children are in school. And, beginning at the age of about 45, more and more women become widows. Work is a necessity.

The moral of the story, said the institute, "Whether she marries or not, today's teenager should prepare carefully for a career."

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Revlon



Guests and members of the Mancius Educational Foundation are seen at a dinner given for Dr. Joseph Shipley (author).
LEFT: Luncheon party aboard the RMS Chusan (from left) Mrs. A. White, Mr. A. G. Crook, Mr. E. W. S. McGregor and Mrs. McGregor, and Mrs. G. Cowley. Staff Photographers



Albert Soo and Wendy Ching-siu Ho after their wedding at the Marriage Registry.
Staff Photographer
RIGHT: Dr. A. C. Yau and Miss Gan Bee-lay, another Easter couple at the Registry. Ming Yuen



Major H. F. Stanley, Executive Director of the Hongkong Tourist Association, and Mr. Leigh Bennett are seen at a cocktail party by the Association's Board of Management at the Hongkong Club.
RIGHT: Major G. F. Daggott and Dr. the Hon. D. J. M. MacKenzie at the AMS Supervisors dinner. Staff Photographers



Lady Black is seen during an official tour of three schools in Kowloon. The tour with the Acting Director of Education Mr. L. G. Morgan included Holy Trinity Primary School; the Holy Family Canossian School, Junction Road; and the Tse Fong Kindergarten and Primary School, Waterloo Road.

Staff Photographer



The "Van Vliet Shield" went to Portugal for the third year in succession in the "Ladies' International Hockey Series. The Portuguese side are seen with the "Commonwealth" XI, beaten 3-1. Right: "Good shot, Madam!" Staff Photographer



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Pretty faces graced the dinner which launched the Rotary Club's Inter-City forum and an intense round of Rotarian activity... what's that about beauty and wisdom seldom seen together?

RIGHT: Tiny entertainers at the anniversary of the Shatin Babies' Home. Staff Photographers



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GILMANS



Miss Florence Boostar and three-year-old Leo Chi-kin (her first client) are seen at the opening of the Hongkong branch of the International Social Service. Leo is being adopted by a Chinese family in the U.S.

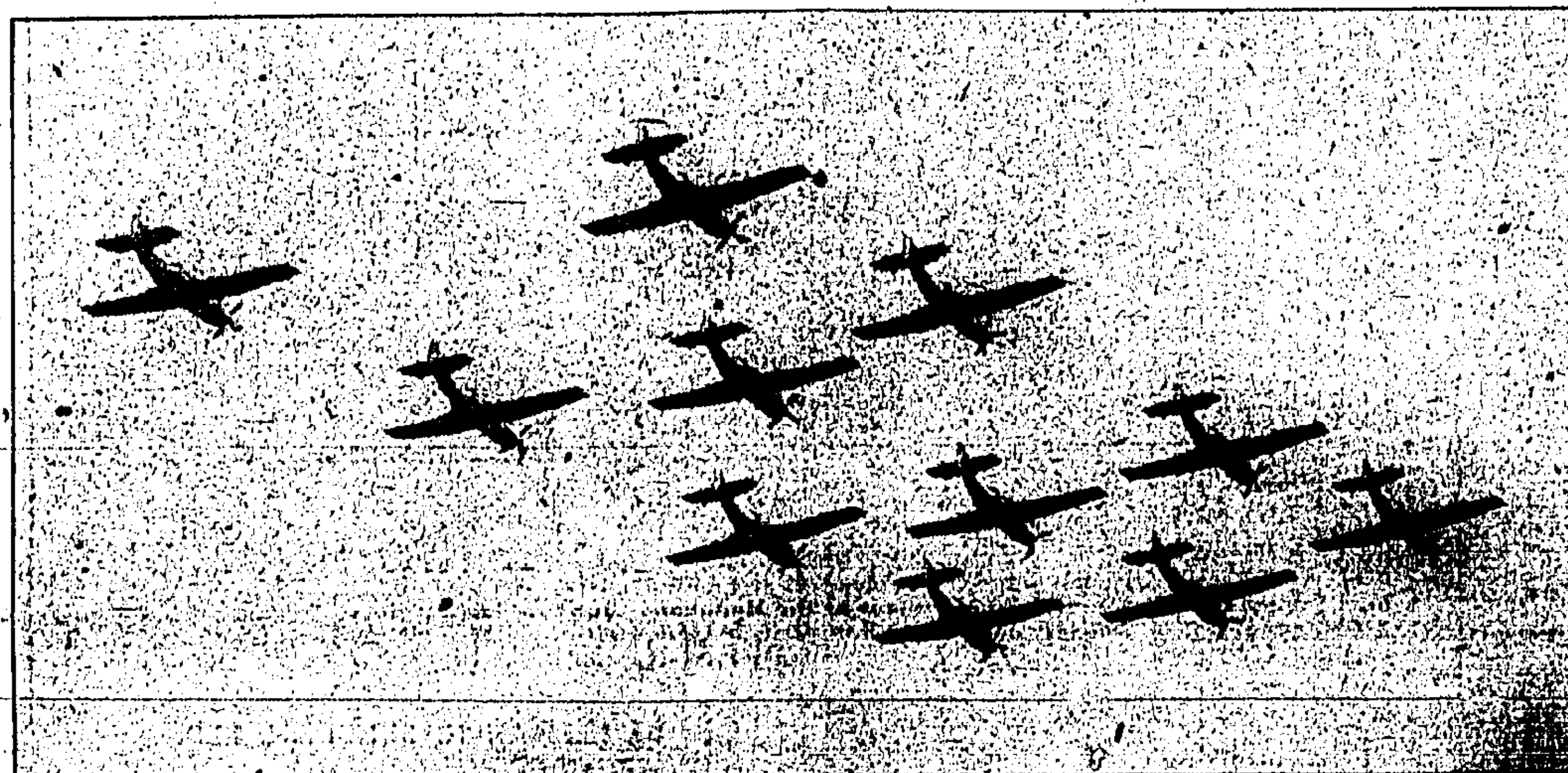
RIGHT: Sir Howard Florey, leaning on lab bench, is seen in the Pathology Building of Hongkong University. From the left are Dr. D. K. Samy, Brig. and Mrs. L. T. Rido, and the Professor of Pathology, Dr. Hou Pao-chang. Staff Photographers



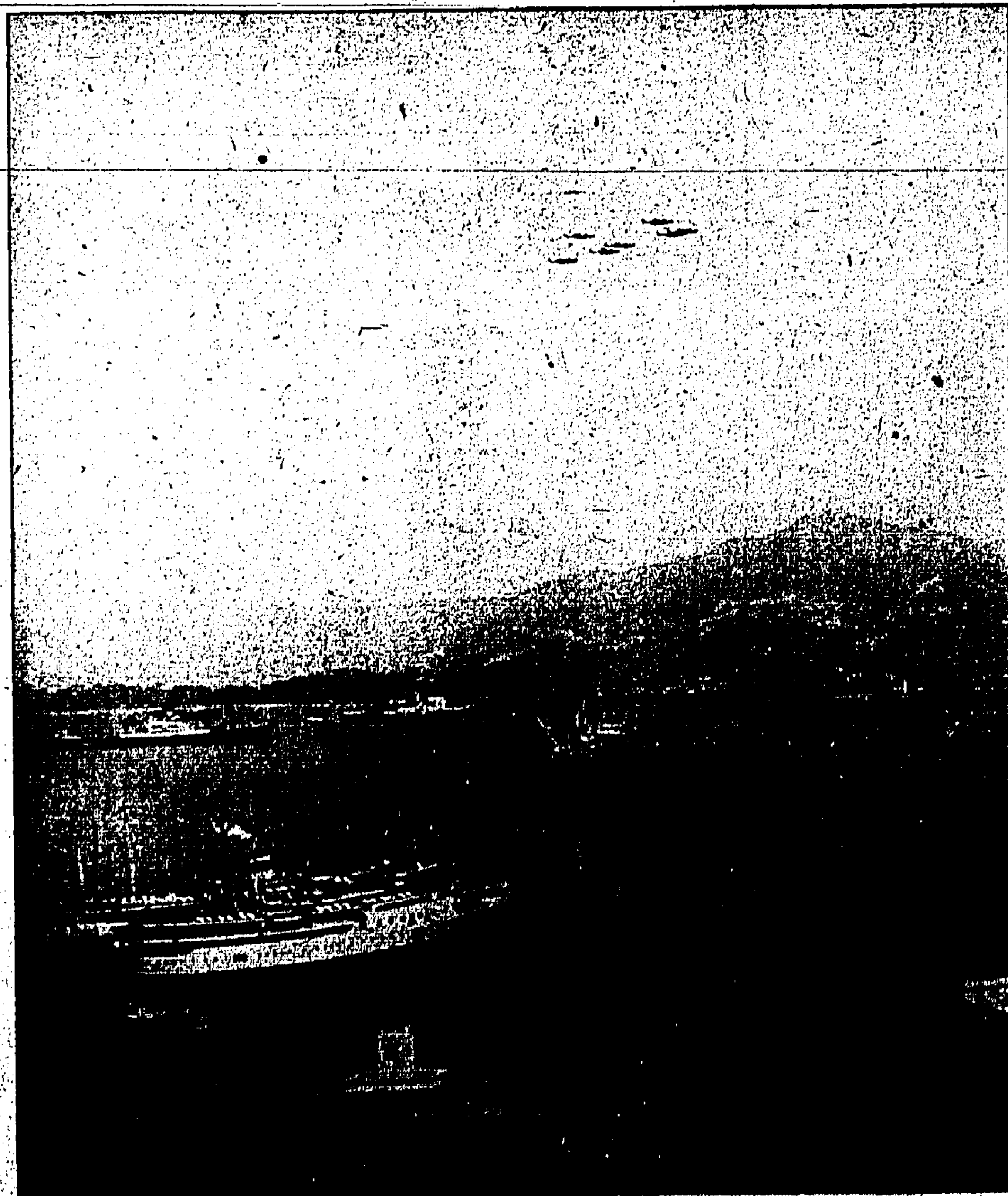
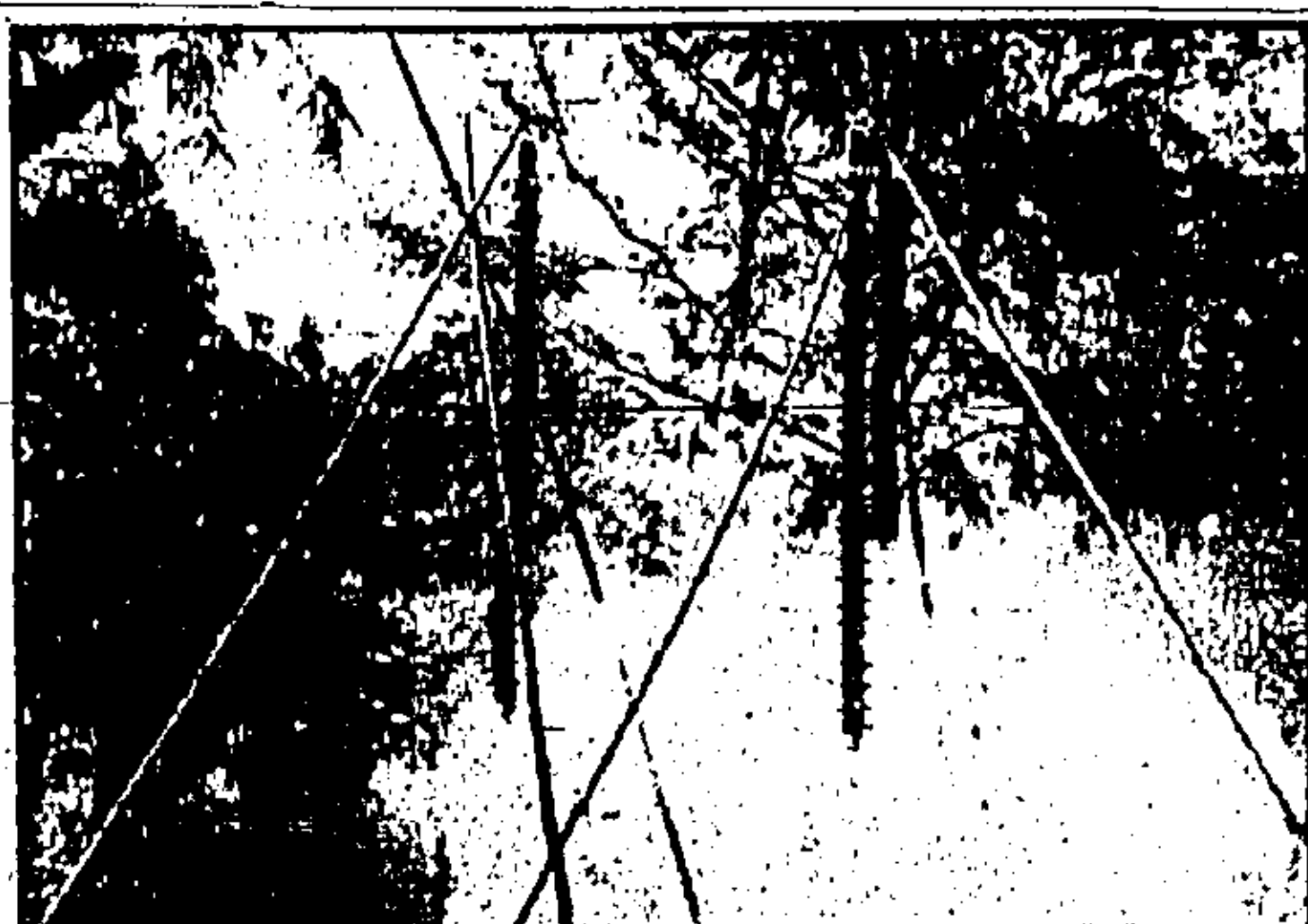
H.K. team leaves Kai Tak for Singapore for the annual "Aw Hoo" Cup soccer match. BELOW: Eleven Gannots, and (lower picture) seven jet Venoms from HMS Malbourne in formation over Hongkong. Staff Photographers



Mrs. Dorothy Birthwhistle, Lady Captain of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club, drives off (above) at Fanling... signal for the ceremonial burst of firecrackers below. Staff Photographer



Mr. Parkin Wong is seen greeting the new Director of Social Welfare Mr. D. W. B. Baron and Mrs. Baron, arriving for a dinner given for them by Kalfong Association. BELOW: The visiting Amadeus String Quartet stop ashore for two concerts in Hongkong. Staff Photographers



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RUDDY RUSSIAN CHILDREN GET A CONTROLLED DIET

By WHITMAN BASSOW

MAKSIMKA, a round-faced rosy-cheeked Soviet citizen, is a very little boy with a very long name.

His birth certificate reads: Maksimilian Konstantinovich Skorobotkin, born April 4, 1957—two months before our Fern Elizabeth was born in New York City.

My wife and I met Maksimka the other day while pushing our bright blue Soviet baby carriage, with Fern inside, along the banks of the Moscow River.

Maksimka's mother, Olga Petrovna Skorobotkin, a friendly woman in a square collar and coat, was wheeling him in a similar carriage. We nodded to each other, and like parents all over the world, stopped to compare notes and offspring.

We were interested in Maksimka's diet, and found that the Russians have different ideas on feeding babies than people do in the United States. Their methods are successful because Russian babies are the plumpest, rosiest, healthiest-looking babies we've seen in a long time.

SIX MONTHS OF NURSING

Russians feed their infants more often than we do. When Maksimka was born, he was fed seven times in 24 hours, or every three hours with a six-hour gap between midnight and 6 a.m. The number of feedings was reduced after the third month.

Soviet pediatricians encourage mothers to nurse their children for at least six months, Olga Petrovna said. She was astonished to learn that in America most babies are bottle-fed.

Russian clinics provide complete free pediatric services, in-

Moscow.

cluding periodic examinations and medication. A kitchen formula, special diets, milk, cheese, yoghurt and other foods not available in the stores.

CANNED BABY FOODS

Russian babies do not eat meat until they are at least one year old. Then they eat purees of chicken, sweetbreads, veal, and liver.

The Soviet food industry produces baby foods similar to those in the West. They come in 6-ounce jars under a colorful label showing a curly-haired, laughing child. The choice is limited to about 10 foods, including carrot juice, puree of peas, applesauce, apple and tomato juice, apple and rice puree. There are no meats available.

But many Russian mothers prefer to make their own baby food, even though it means more work. Olga Petrovna is one. "You never know what goes into those jars," she told us. "And anyway, fresh food is better than canned."

My wife, who evidently has more confidence in the Soviet food industry than many Russians, has been feeding Fern Elizabeth local baby food for the past six months.

The young lady is thriving.

For furniture

A NEW furniture wood-dye French polishing. It takes time to do, but you don't need a diploma to do it yourself. Cost is 5s., 10s., or 15s., and it does for a coloured wood.

How Suzette got the crepe

by TOM STACEY

CONCLUDING THE COOKING FOR MEN COURSE BY EXPLODING A FIERY MYTH

CREPE SUZETTE is NOT the name of one of the snake dancers that Toulouse-Lautrec used to go around with. It is that esthetically thrilling pancake performance which the waiter sets on fire right in front of you by sluicing brandy over it, very often after having turned out all the lights.

However, I have discovered that in the more magnificent of the world's kitchens, from Cairo to Copacabana, there is a controversy raging about this flaming of the crepe Suzette.

NO! NEVER

THE purists, following the recipe of its inventor, the one and only Escoffier, late chef of the Carlton, declare that you should never set it on fire.

They say that was just a gimmick started by Escoffier's head waiter in order to steal some of Escoffier's thunder.

The original crepe, as made by Escoffier for Suzette, who, Philip Harben tells me, is said to have been something to do with Edward VII, was re-created just the other day by... well, by me. I was, however, under the personal instruction of one of the current masters of the profession, Eugene Kaufeler, of the Dorchester hotel.

THAT LID

HERE is the correct way to begin. Surround yourself with the following ingredients: Two eggs, quarter pound of plain flour, quarter pint of milk, about half a pound of butter, salt, two mandarins (or tangerines, or oranges), a cup of icing sugar, a little granulated sugar, bottle of curacao. And, of course, a pancake pan, which is a very small frying pan, rather thick, very gently slanting sides. It really is very difficult.

You want to cook the pancakes the day before you eat your crepe Suzette. Day-old pancakes are less tough than new ones.

First break one egg into a mixing bowl. Whip the whole thing in less, of course, the shell. Then put the yolk only of another egg in.

Put your quarter pound of flour on top, then your quarter pint of milk. Grate on top just a little outer peel of a mandarin (or tangerine, or orange, which I shall not go on repeating). Then a couple of pinches of salt, and a dessertspoonful of granulated sugar.

THIS WAY

DASH on a few drops of curacao. Safest way is to put your thumb over the top, tip up the bottle sideways, and wriggle your thumb.

Stir all this up with a whisk into a nice smooth mixture, not too thick, and as you do so add some melted (but not sizzling) butter.

Now grease your pancake pan with some butter. The way to do this is to melt down some butter on one side, and tip it into your hot pan, swirl it all around, and tip it ALL back.

Now you are going to make your pancakes.

The important thing about pancakes is that they should be thin. So you ladle into your pan only just enough of the stuff you have just mixed up so it will cover the bottom of your pan when you tip it in every direction.

Put the pan back over the flame and after 15sec. or so it will be time to turn the pancake over. This is almost impossible to do without years of practice. However, a fluke may do it.

I started by trying to throw the pancake, which I had understood was the professional method of reversing the thing. "We do not have time to play the long game in this kitchen," Mr Kaufeler said a little tauntingly, and he took over the next pancake and turned it by a flick of the wrist. It is purely a wrist, not a dorsal, action.

SPREAD THEM

IF you are making your pancakes as thin as you should be, you should be able to make at least 12 with your mixture, which you should keep stirring.

Spread these around on a large dish, and do nothing for a day. Do not put them in the fridge.

NEXT DAY. We make our Suzette filling. Take three ounces of butter and three ounces of icing sugar. Sifted the butter. Mix. Grate the outermost peel (zest) of a mandarin, a large teaspoonful, on top. Then squeeze over it the juice of a couple of mandarins. Watch out for the plus.

Mix in a good tablespoonful of curacao, with a wooden spoon, and stir it all around. Spread this filling liberally over your pancakes, and fold them in four, like a lace handkerchief. This is a very fiddly business; but keep your patience and place each one symmetrically on to a large dish.

At the last moment plunge this dish into a really hot oven, to heat but not cook your pancakes. Pull it out, and scoop up any melted filling and drip it on the top. Eat.

For the records

FOR records with an after-party hangover, rinse them in warm water a very mild detergent, and scrub in the direction of the grooves with a small cellulose sponge, keeping the labels out of the water as much as possible. Rinse in clear warm water; stand in a plate-rack to dry off. Sounds fantastic, but it works.



Chicken A La King Pies For Luncheon Or Dinner

WHEN I was a small child, chicken and 2 c. diced chicken would be good proportions. Or the favored hot dish for a company supper or high tea. But for a late evening supper party, the creamed chicken was served in pâté shells, for elegance.

Chicken And Oysters

A decade later, chicken and oysters were creamed together in a chafing dish and served with due flair on hot buttered toast.

The next to win acclaim was chicken à la king, a dressed up, tastier version of our old friend, creamed chicken. The basis is a la king sauce—which can also be used as the basis for several other delectables.

A la King Sauce: Melt 3 tbs. butter. Add 1 diced, seeded green pepper, 1 diced pimiento and 1/2 c. sautéed sliced fresh or canned mushrooms. Cook-stir 3 min.

Stir in 2 1/2 tbs. flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1/4 tsp. paprika. Stir in 1/2 c. chicken broth, 1/2 c. milk and 1/2 c. light cream or undiluted evaporated milk. Cook-stir until boiling.

Stir in 2 eggs yolks beaten light with 1 tbs. milk. Cook-stir 1 min. Add 1 tbs. sherry flavoring.

Chicken à la King: Before adding the egg yolks to the sauce, stir in 2 1/2 c. small-diced cooked or canned chicken, and heat 5 min.

Finish as directed. Serve in brand cruet or heated paté shell or pie pastry shells. Serves 4 to 6.

When combining chicken and oysters in a la king sauce, a cup canned oysters in a la king sauce, a cup canned oysters in a la king sauce, a cup canned oysters in a la king sauce.

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Do You Tire Quickly? Maybe It's Boredom

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

Do you become tired at the office or plant, or while doing household chores, long before your workday is finished?

Then maybe you are suffering from fatigue.

Generally, false fatigue is caused by just plain boredom. Don't confuse this with emotional fatigue, which is a more complicated problem and often requires expert help.

NOT REALLY TIRED

False fatigue can make you feel tired, but you won't really be tired. Usually, you will lose all interest in a boring task shortly after you begin it.

All too frequently, a routine office job saps an employee of almost all ambition. The same is true of a routine job in a factory or in the home.

But let's be practical. You've got to get the work done. You must snap out of this false fatigue.

TWO METHODS

There are two ways to do it. Probably the best and most popular is to take a respite from your job every so often for a coffee break.

Employers throughout the country have recognized the value of the coffee break. They know it increases efficiency, especially among employees with routine jobs. It's a morale builder as well.

The other way to beat false fatigue is to talk yourself out of it. This, of course, takes determination and self-discipline and time. But it can be done and quickly, too.

When you become bored and begin to feel tired, although you know you haven't done enough work to make you tired, just stay with the job. Grit your teeth and keep on working.

Within half an hour you will probably feel a lot better, a lot more like finishing the job.

There are many things on the market which have been designed to fight fatigue. In some cases, they might be beneficial. But that is a matter for your doctor to decide.

While both tea and coffee are stimulants, they are not dangerous, if not taken to excess. Most of you will find they will help put some pep into your work.

Is It Safe To Wash An Electric Blanket?

By Eleanor Ross

HAVE you been wondering if it is really safe to wash an electric blanket?

The answer is an unqualified "yes." In fact, electric blankets should never be dry cleaned. The reason for this is that some cleaning fluids are injurious to the wiring system of the blanket.

FILLED WITH WIRING

Of course, some women are a little leery of washing something filled with electric wiring. However, they should realize that the makers of the most famous automatic blankets are among the biggest electrical equipment manufacturers in the world. They wouldn't try to market anything that was going to be a problem or that wasn't entirely safe. That's not how they built their reputations.

DISCONNECT IT

To wash an electric blanket, start by disconnecting the plug at the foot of the blanket. Then, measure its size before wetting it, so that you can stretch it back to its original shape. Wash

it either by hand or according to the directions for your washing machine.

Use lukewarm suds, soap or detergent, first "massaging" spots and stains with a handful of thick suds. After washing the blanket, squeeze out excess suds, rinse well and remove excess water.

HANG IT IN SHADE

Hang the blanket in the shade over two parallel clotheslines, about 18 inches apart.

While the blanket is drying, gently but firmly ease it into its original shape.

When completely dry, brush the surface in one direction, using a soft, clean brush. This raises the nap and makes it look and feel soft.

If you want to iron the blanket, do it with the iron set at a low temperature and use a pressing cloth.

Protect The Loveliness Of Your Sterling Silver

By Eleanor Ross

DO you know the best way to preserve sterling silver flatware? Use it every day! It can't wear out, it can be used up, but daily use adds immeasurably to its beauty.

Just as you accept and cherish the transition in your teenage daughter from adolescence to young womanhood, so do you learn to cherish the beauty of the maturity in your sterling silver.

Bright and glossy when new, its true character is developed only through loving care. In using it every day you will notice that it will slowly acquire a glowing patina with depths that were not apparent when it was first acquired.

Patina is the word used to describe the thousands and thousands of tiny lines formed in daily usage. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they hold together to form a soft surface for gentle light absorption.

Daily upkeep could hardly be easier. Simply wash it first in good hot water with suds from liquid soap chips, powder, cake or liquid. Then rinse in hot water and dry with soft towel.

You will discover that daily use of sterling makes for less polishing, a boon in itself.

MONTHLY POLISHING About once a month, assemble your silver, plenty of clean cloths or chamois and one of the good creams or liquid polishes made expressly for sterling. Polish lengthwise rather than in circles.

When polishing hollowware, do not twist it around in the cloth, but stroke it lengthwise, too.

Have the children help you. Make it a monthly ceremony for them, one that will teach them true appreciation of beauty and gracious living in their own home.

You will notice in your ornamented pieces that there are subtle shadows which emphasize the lovely flowing lines. These aren't accidental. They

are there to give your silver a personality of its own. So when you polish, be sure you are polishing the lines, too.

Change from the plastics and the primary colours: a row of pottery Mosaic jars in white-checked grey, pale green or yellow. The beechwood tops are rubber-ringed to make the jars air-tight. screw them down firmly as the new rubber tends to be bouncy.

A HONEY OF A DESSERT

End the meal with this pineapple and honey dessert. Cut fresh pineapple into long thin spears. In a buttered baking dish, alternate the pineapple and bananas cut lengthwise into quarters. Pour 1 cup honey over all and bake in a hot oven for about 40 minutes. Baste several times while baking. The dish may be served warm or chilled, but warm is better.



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BRIGITTE BARDOT . . . Chemistry Lesson

No wonder Bardot and Bacall don't see eye to eye

tising Spanish dancing for a new film. For no good reason that I could discover he put them carefully into the refrigerator.

"You know," she continued, "Sinatra is wonderful. And the part is so good for him. He plays a decadent who drinks himself into the gutter."

"Enchanting," I said. "Then he meets me. I am an adorable dancing girl. I take him home and put him in my bed."

"She paused effectively, rubbing her nose again."

"Well?" I asked.

"I sleep in the bath," she said, adding, sotto voce, "in not sexy like my other films."

"How does it all end?" I asked.

"He kills himself in my car," she said.

"I don't suppose he ever recovered from your sleeping in the bath," I said.

DOLLAR EARNER

She pouted. Then she said: "Since And Woman Was Created was shown, I think I am getting quite well known."

(In fact, this film has made Bardot France's top dollar earner. It has just passed the \$2,000,000 mark at the American box office, and still has a long way to go.)

PARIS.

BRIGITTE BARDOT gave me her full attention. Which is an experience no man with a slipped disc and an ulcer should be made to ungergo more than once.

"I am told," I said, "that the announcement about you and Frank Sinatra filming together in *Paris By Night* was a little premature. Sinatra has still not said Yes."

Bardot pouted and smiled at me through a Niagara of blonde hair.

"Is true," she said. "But my producer, Raoul Levy, is now in America talking with him."

"I am further told," I continued, "that Mr Levy is meeting with opposition from Sinatra's fiancée, Lauren Bacall?"

This was putting it mildly. "If I were the I would do the For reasons which will be same. Sinatra and I together obvious to almost every woman. Miss Bacall did not view with great enthusiasm the prospect of Sinatra and Bardot working together. (You name me one fiancée who would!)"

For, having recently shaken off one husband, director Roger Vadim, and one fiancée, actor Jean-Louis Trintignant, Miss Bardot is all too apparently footloose and fancy-free. Or was when I left her.

"Miss Bacall is no fool," said Bardot, her huge eyes playing about me like twin headlamps.

"Is a pity you did not see the original version," she chuckled. "It was so daring even the French censor had to use his scissors. I wonder he could find them after all these years. When the American censor was finished with it, there could not have been much left, I think."

"Enough," I said. "Quite enough."

We got up and walked down some stairs—and out—into the neon-splattered boulevard.

She looked up at me from the depths of the small velvet jacket into which she had snuggled.

"I shall make this film even if Sinatra does not," she said. "But I am hoping so much that he says Yes."

Then she said: "But I tell you something. If I were Miss Bacall, I would be worried too."

THE HARD WAY

I HAD a chat with William Holden as he passed through Paris after visiting Rome and other European capitals to promote interest in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

For Holden it is indeed a labour of love. From this great

picture, I am told, he will eventually reap £750,000—the greatest sum of money ever paid to any actor.

For, apart from his straight salary, Holden also gets a percentage of the picture's profits—and *The Bridge on the River Kwai* is proving a huge box-office hit all over the world.

Said Holden when I talked with him: "I learned to be a business man the hard way. Don't forget, for years I was out in the wilderness as far as Hollywood was concerned. Producers used to say 'You'll never get anywhere, kid, not with a face like yours.'"

Today he is one of the world's top box-office stars.



BACALL—Reluctant?

NATURE has equipped man with only one real means of attack or defence—his fists. Without those weapons which he had devised himself, man would be no match for many creatures of the wild.

Nature's armaments take many forms, all highly efficient for their specific purpose. Primitive tribes daubed themselves with dyes to terrify their enemies—a psychological weapon.

Grotesque appearance is a means of defence of the Puss Moth caterpillar. When confronted by an adversary it draws back its head into the first ring of its body in such a way that a terrifying face is produced. The grotesque appearance is intensified by two black spots which look like eyes.

The caterpillar has also, in its armoury, a wicked-looking, forked tail which it lashes furiously, as well as a gland below the head capable of squirting jets of intensely acid fluids.

The ichneumon flies which attempt to lay their eggs in the caterpillar's jacket find themselves up against a surprisingly belligerent creature.

Chemical warfare

Then there is the noxious odour weapon such as employed by the skunk. The vile-smelling fluid which it uses to overpower its foes can be ejected a distance of up to twelve feet. So powerful is the stench that poultry, young pigs and even dogs are rendered more or less helpless by it. The skunk has such confidence in its secret weapon that it seldom alters its unhurried pace when

an attack is pending from creatures much larger than itself.

Nature has been specially considerate to such creatures as porcupines and hedgehogs. Their needle-point spines foil well-nigh every attacker.

But the hedgehog's bristling coat is something of a mixed blessing to the creature. Being unable to clean itself, lice and other unpleasant parasites are able to find a safe lodging place.

The ostrich cannot fly to evade its assailant, but Nature has offset this handicap by giving the bird a 'kick' well-nigh as powerful as that of a mule.

The giraffe which looks a particularly defenceless and awkward creature can not only use its hooves with good effect, but also, its long neck. By a long sideways sweep of its head the giraffe can administer a very powerful blow with its neck sufficient to knock many an aggressor for six!

Owls and other birds of prey seldom swoop down on a food unless they mistake it for a frog. Its skin contains a poison which is, also, most unpleasant to the taste.

It might be thought that glow-worms would especially be preyed upon by owls and

other night hunters because of the conspicuous light they display, but, in fact, they are shunned because their lighting system itself is most disagreeable to the hunters' palate.

With such a powerful weapon it finds no difficulty in capturing its prey. The Electric Ray will paralyse a man's hand at the merest touch.

Yet another "shocking" fish is the Electric Catfish found in the waters of the Nile. This fish uses its "shocking" powers chiefly to make other fish disgorge and, thus, surrender the contents of their stomachs.

Ingenious is the "secret" weapon of the Angler Fish, which it uses to lure its prey. The front dorsal fin is, in practice, a fishing line terminating in either a number of barbed hooks or a luminous bait, according to the particular species. Angler fish are, indeed, complete anglers.

Camouflage powers, as employed by The Chameleon,

constitute one of Nature's most subtle weapons, equally effective in attack or defence. Perhaps the best example of the use of protective colouration is provided by the Platymantis. Although a passive weapon it is an extremely effective one. The Platymantis has three moults a year. Its summer suit is an excellent "heather mixture"; the second moult brings scaly skin in colour to autumn vegetation; the last transformation results in a "moss suit".

Many creatures frequenting northern regions are somewhat similarly protectively endowed.

Ingenious Weapons For Attack

Shockers

Fish have come of the most surprising "weapons". Several species carry 'electric batteries' of such potency that they can stun a man. The Electric Eel which inhabits the Amazon and its tributaries, is able to give a 'shock' estimated at 400 volts.

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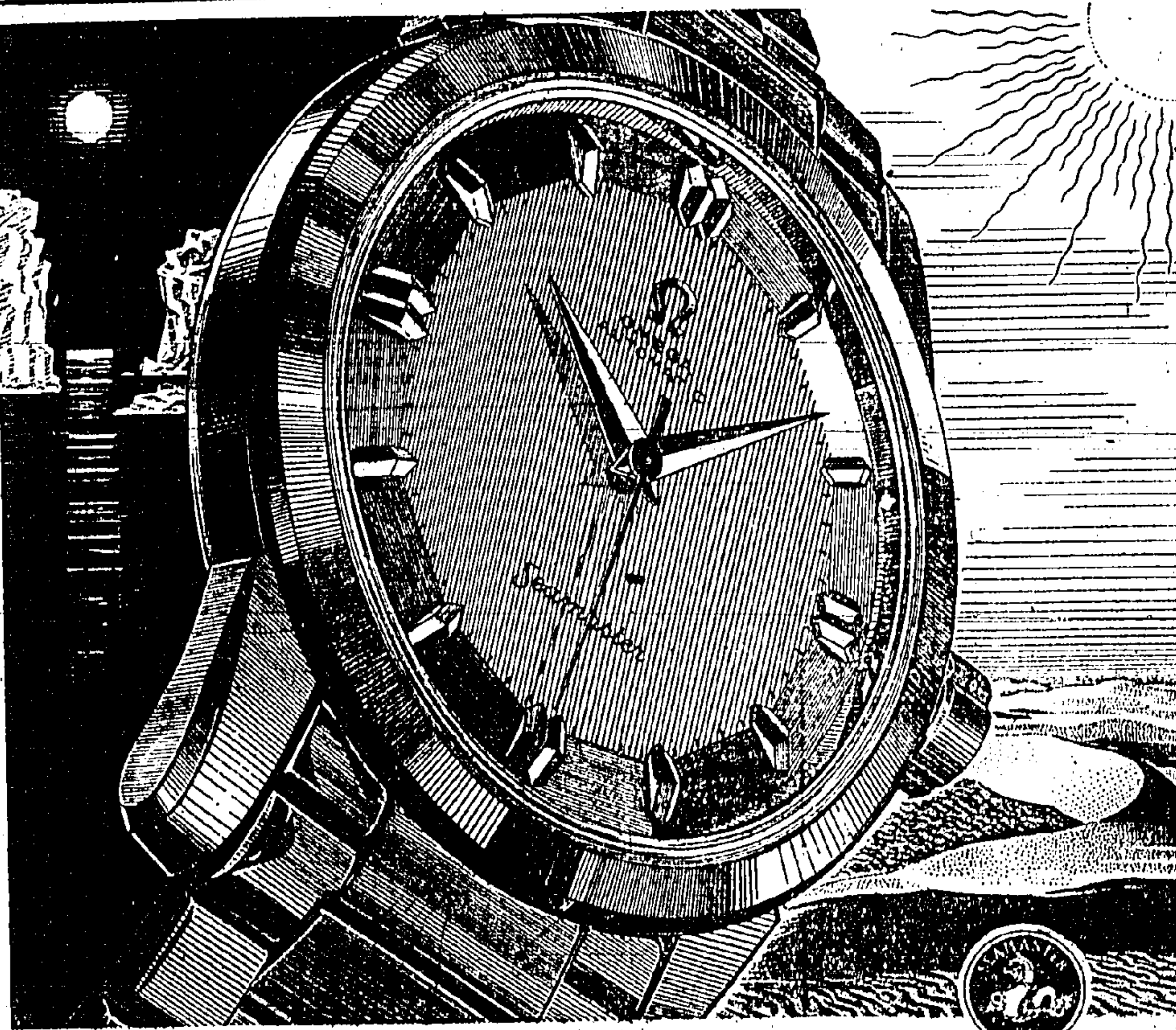
Many creatures frequenting northern regions are somewhat similarly protectively endowed.

The employment of teeth and tusks as armaments is well known, but few people are aware that the downward projecting tusks of the walrus, apart from being very formidable weapons serve as 'grappling irons' to assist it to land on ice floes.

Of some creatures it is true that its "sting" and chief armament is its tail. The highly flexible tail of the Scorpion, terminates with a poisonous gland which can inflict a very dangerous sting. The Sting-Ray, found in tropical waters and occasionally off Britain's southern shores, have long, whip-like tails armed with barbed spines which serve as fearsome daggers.

The Olympic Cross

Only watch manufacturer to be honored with this distinguished award, Omega has timed the Olympic Games for over 25 years. Today Omega enjoys the implicit confidence of the international sports community when Olympic records and medals are at stake and time is reckoned in 10ths and 100ths of a second.



Engineers in the sizzling heat of the Sahara; scientists in the ice-bound solitude of the arctic; sportsmen in the dim depths that are skin-diver's realm—Here is the kind of company you keep when you wear the Seamaster, the self-winding Omega high-precision watch that defies the elements.

The self-winding Seamaster movement is triple sealed. The elements can't reach it. Tropical heat leaves it cold. Arctic cold leaves it snugly indifferent. Accurately and reliably, the Seamaster ticks off the most exciting seconds of your life.

Wear the Seamaster, and you participate in one of the great watch-making success stories of our time. The story goes back to World War II when Omega

was commissioned to design a watch the soldiers, sailors and pilots of Britain could confidently take with them into combat. Restyled and reinforced for sports wear, this watch became the post-war Seamaster, since further strengthened and perfected and today the world's most popular sportswatch. Also battle tested, in submarine hulls and jet aircraft fuel tanks, is the sealing device which protects the Seamaster movement against water and condensation to a depth of two hundred feet.

Armored ruggedness and Omega precision—these make of the Seamaster a timepiece that has what it takes to share with you the zest of high adventure and the stresses and strains that go with it.

OMEGA Seamaster

The watch the world has learned to trust. Some day you will own one!

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

Sole Agents: OMTIS LTP.

OMEGA ★ *Three*

84, Jardine House



BRITAIN 1965

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Now Cherokee Rainwater joins the bedlam boys

RECORD ROUND BY RAMSDEN GREIG

JUST when a fellow (with a sidelong glance at Wee Willie Harris's red-dyed hair) thinks he has seen everything, in comes a cable from America telling me to expect Mr Marvin Rainwater in Britain in person in April.

Mr Rainwater is a new name to add to the ranks of the guitar-bashing bedlam boys. He is also a Cherokee Indian.

Furthermore, when he performs his stage chores in April he will do so dressed in Red Indian costume. He tells me: "This is no gimmick. It is just I am proud of my Cherokee blood."

I promised, if free, to attend his first night in my kit.

Meanwhile hear Mr Rainwater on Whole Lotta Woman (MGM 78). Heap good record for those who feel like gyrating round a totem pole. What I like about Mr Rainwater's record is that you can make out the words.

Blue-eyed boys

Nixa puts three of its blue-eyed boys and one of its blue-eyed girls on Hit Parade No. 3 (46). Gary Miller sings The Story of My Life; Lonnie Donegan, Jack O'Diamonds; Edmund Hockbridge; I'll Buy You a Star; and Marion Ryan, Love Me Forever. Miss Ryan's is the track I'll wear out first. You can also find the lady on Always and Forever (Nixa, 78), her latest.

New names turn up in the booming record business daily. I present the Four Jacks, four young matelots in Her Majesty's Royal Navy. Sheila Van Daman game them their first break in a charity show. Now they have a record contract with Decca. Their first disc, Prayer Of Love (Decca, 78), could stand with a little more polishing. But despite that, it sold 25,000 copies during its first seven days on the shop counters.

If anyone is still interested in how a guitar should be played

RECORD ROUND

by RUDOLF KLEIN

IT'S A RACE TO WOO THE OPERA LOVER.

THREE opera companies—at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells—are currently competing for London audiences. But even more severe is the competition among the recording companies.

A new version of a well-known opera is Richard Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier (Columbia 33 CX 1482-5). Herbert von Karajan, conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, shows how Strauss's opulent music can be made to sound both luxurious and lucid.

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf sings superbly as the Marshallin—the ageing woman who gracefully surrenders her youthful lover to a young girl.

Neglected

This brilliant recording makes Covent Garden's long neglect of the opera even more inexplicable. Less surprising is the fact that Ponchielli's La Gioconda (Decca LXT 6400-2) is never seen in London. The music is robust, the plot improbable. Anita Cerquetti—who was called in to substitute for Maria Callas when the prima donna stumbled out of the Rome Opera House—sings the title role. Her voice is big and confident, but lacks the tragic edge of Mme.

Callas who, on this showing, has little to fear from her rival, Mario del Monaco's tenor voice has the power of a pile driver—and as much subtlety. Conductor: Gavazzeni.

New boom

An operatic composer whose reputation has recently boomed with the production of Les Troyens at Covent Garden—is Hector Berlioz. In his lifetime his works rarely achieved popularity. But a successful expedition was L'Enfance du Christ (RCA RB 16061-2).

This oratorio—on the subject of the flight of Mary and Joseph into Egypt—has the same dramatic intensity as his operas. The music is simple and melodic. It receives a moving performance from the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Münch.

The outstanding singer is Giorgio Tozzi, who takes three parts and at one stage has to talk to himself.

(London Express Service).

ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

"JUST think of the things I am not allowed," exclaimed the author. "No sex. No hard liquor. The only time I made my chaps drink anything stronger than orange juice my sales fell by 10 per cent."

In the elegant drawing-room of his elegant Queen Anne house Captain William Earle Johns, creator of Biggles, shifted his burly shoulders and sighed. He slapped a big hand on his burly knees.

He said: "Then think of swear-words. One publisher wouldn't let me use any expletives at all at first. But he relented and agreed to 'Oh dear' and 'Good gracious.' For stories about the Air Force, mind you."

"Imagine a chap messing up a landing. Anshing up in a damned tree, and then simply saying 'Good gracious! Well, it's not life-like, is it?'"

Captain Johns sighed again. Captain Johns stumped across to a large corner cupboard. He swung open the door and switched a light.

The Queen Anne cupboard became a cocktail bar.

"The previous owner fixed this," said Johns the tailor's son. "A chap called Lord Morechwood. Nice, eh?"

He has also just published his 50th Biggles book BIGGLES PRESSES ON (Hodder, 8s. 6d.).

Like the 49 others it is a small masterpiece of action without hard liquor. Like the others it will quickly tick up sales figures far in excess of the average adult best-seller.

DEVILISH BUG

FOR even the bad things which happen to the man behind Biggles are the calamities of success.

Such as the time when he was ill a few years back ("some devilish bug I'd picked up on holiday in North Africa"). Lying weak, unable to work, Johns was handed in a demand for his previous year's taxes. The figure on the bill—£10,000.

How has Johns, son of a Hertford tailor, managed to come in with the sweet pain of tax bills like that?

In the drawing-room at Hampton Court he told me: "This is the absolute truth. When I began Biggles it wasn't for the money."

"You see, in the early 1920's I got rather irritated at all the air magazines coming from America. You know what the Yanks are. Anyone would think that no other nation

Biggles, the model hero, scores his half-century THE AUTHOR WHO MUSTN'T MENTION SEX



Biggles has brought Johns success... he has also brought a £16,000 tax bill.

mind in Britain. I'd paid one or two visits to Germany. I'll tell you, I was really saying, 'I've always believed in the Empire.' I was really alarmed."

JOHNS walked over to his desk. He said: "I start work here each morning, including week-ends, at about eight. I write everything in long-hand, in long-hand."

JOHNS pulled over two trays piled high with letters. One letter began: "I am a Zulu boy..." Another was from a Chinese boy in Malaya.

Another was from an Estonian girl refugee living in Sweden. It said: "You can have no idea how much Biggles has meant to me. I was passionately in love with him."

JOHNS said: "After the war two young Norwegians called on me. They said that under the Germans they had crossed the border into Sweden at night in order to get 'Biggles' books to read."

I looked through the affectionate admiring letters.

I asked: "Have you any children of your own?"

JOHNS shook his head. Then he said: "I also had a visit from don't know. I just pulled the

FARCICAL

JOHNS looked out across the trees of Dushy Park. He said: "Then I made my first attempt to escape. I was wearing German striped prison dress, but an American prisoner in the exercise yard suggested we should have a go at getting out through the bars of the lavatory window."

"I got stuck, and a guard outside started swiping at me with his bayonet. So I was trying to squeeze back and the American was pushing me on. It was really farcical."

"Later I went to a prison camp. The Germans had dropped the execution idea then. I escaped and wandered about for five days. It was awful. I was cold and hungry at the beginning of November. I think I was glad when a farmer with a shotgun finally caught me in his orchard."

MODEST, LOYAL

THEN are the adventures of Biggles based on the adventures of Johns? Johns explained: "Biggles is the quiet sort of Britisher. I really admire Modest, loyal, M.C. braver than me. I used to get really scared."

Downstairs Mrs Johns called us to afternoon tea. As I left, lights were glimmering across the road in Hampton Court Palace.

Earlier, when I arrived, I had smiled at the contrast of Johns, the prosperous Biggles man, and the impoverished Johns of Hampton. I smiled no longer.

I thought of those letters upstairs, from the Zulu boy, from children all over the world. I thought of the simple British ideal of William Johns put into print.

I realised that this burly ex-airman has really earned his stately Hampton home. As a propagandist he may be achieving more for Britain than all the lecturers of the British Council put together.

IN BRIEF

THE MAPMAKER, by Frank G. Slaughter.

There are few more intriguing figures in the world of books than the American author Slaughter. Undaunted by his surname, he began his living as a surgeon. Then 10 years ago he took to writing instead. For Slaughter, the change has paid off. Although his books rarely get any reviews in Britain they always get thousands of readers.

Across the Channel—in France, Spain, Italy—he seems to sell. You can always get a Slaughter at an airport book-stall on the Continent.

What is Slaughter's secret? Perhaps it is the triple-chance scheme of writing which runs through his 25 books.

First he writes a Biblical novel. Sample: The Scarlet Cord, based broadly on the story of Rahab, the harlot of Jericho (Joshua, 10).

Then comes a surgery novel. Sample: Sword and Scalpel—bringing you blood and romance from the Korean War (Jarrold, 15s.).

And now, complete the regular Slaughter cycle, we have The Mapmaker, an historical romance rich in detail and set among the slave galleys, the explorers and the politicians of the 16th century. To all lovers of history fiction I warmly recommend it (Jarrold, 15s.).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"WE'RE CHANCING OFF A MYSTERY PRIZE—NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT IS!"

SOME PEOPLE CAN SELL, AND OTHERS WILL BUY, CHANCES ON ANYTHING.

"YOU OWE ME FOR THREE BOOKS OF CHANCES I SOLD—IT GOT MIXED UP WITH MY HOUSE MONEY!"

OH WELL, IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

YOU HAVE TO TAKE CHANCES ON ALL SORTS OF THINGS—DONE BY THEIR OWN FAIR HANDS—ALL YOU CAN DO IS PRAY YOU DON'T WIN ANYTHING.

WHO'S THE BIG SHOT?

HE'S A 'PATRON'—HE JUST LENDS HIS NAME TO GRACE THE AFFAIR—OUTSIDE OF THAT IT DOESN'T COST HIM A THING.

ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS IN THE RED! LAST YEAR IT WAS TWO HUNDRED!

FIGURING UP THE PROFITS—IF ANY.

The Benefit



COMMITTEE MEETING. THE CLAMBAKE FACTION, HAVING BEEN SENT TO THE SHOWERS, IT BOILS DOWN TO A SQUABBLE BETWEEN THE MUSICAL CLIQUE AND THE SAUERKRAUT SUPPER SET.

By Harry Weinert



LET'S GIVE A BENEFIT DANCE—THEN WE ALL BENEFIT!

FOR ONCE, ALL IS SERENE IN THE SORORITY.

THE 'TALENTED AMATEURS' ARE ON HAND—EAGER TO MAKE THINGS A SUCCESS.

RACE FOR LEAGUE HONOURS NOT OVER YET

WELSH DOUBLE-CROSSED ON JOHN CHARLES

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Wales have been double-crossed with John Charles being refused permission to play for them in the World Cup. In my hearing Welsh FA officials were assured by Juventus that Charles would be released. What I cannot understand is why Italy fail to produce so few home stars from their 5,000 teams and 120,000 registered players.

Jack Kelsey may be the first footballer to be dropped on a League ground by helicopter when Swindon's assistant manager, Bert Davies, takes his well earned benefit at the County Ground, on Monday, April 21.

Late that afternoon Arsenal's goalkeeper is featuring in an ITV Children's Hour programme at Chelsea and couldn't do the journey in time by train, but Swindon are so keen to get him there that they've suggested laying on a ground-to-ground helicopter.

Tour Bait

I understand Arsenal winger Dan Le Roex is returning to South Africa at the end of this season. So, too, is Blackpool's utility forward Brian Petersen. Why?

Most likely reason is that they can be reinstated as amateurs two months after arriving back home—and South Africa have a world tour ahead.

Idea for all-stars who continue to attract big crowds for charitable causes—a match against the sons of old stars.

The "offspring" line-up could be something like this: Swindin, Male, Hopgood, Jackson, Dodgin, Dewar, Barrett, Herd, Goulden and Mitten. Can anybody help out with that vacant right wing position?

A Comeback

Jackie Stamps, who used to go dizzy "stogging" between Rish Carter and Peter Doherty at Derby, has made a comeback with Burton Albion.

Stories about Jackie's physical strength are legendary at the Baseball Ground. One time goes that he once absconded with the van into the house and left the grand piano on the side-walk. In my opinion Stamps was the most underrated centre-forward of his day.

Two reasons why Plymouth fans should stop criticising Jack Rowley for being pipped by Grimsby for the signature of Tommy Briggs are: (a) Blackburn wanted more than postage stamps; (b) Plymouth was too far from Grimsby for Briggs to keep in touch with his meat business.

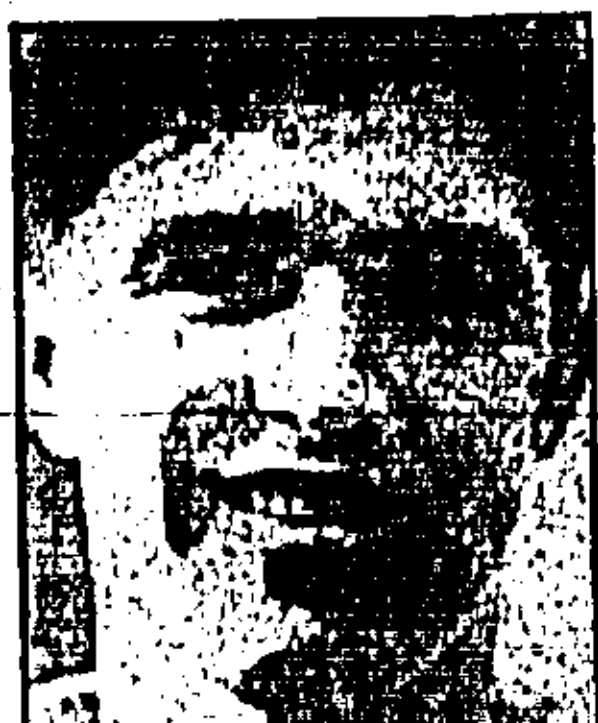
"It must come!" declares Finchley FC official Jim Young in connection with the proposal to amalgamate the Isthmian and Athenian leagues.

"Don't make me laugh. Somebody will get to the moon first. They were saying the same thing when I attended a merger meeting between the Isthmian, Athenian, Spartan and London Leagues 26 years ago."

Missed 'Em

With the NE clubs doing so badly these days, one wonders how it is they manage to miss so many up-and-coming players on their own doorstep.

For instance, Bobby Smith, whose scoring feats for Spurs have made him a firm England World Cup candidate, so yearned to be back on his native



BOBBY SMITH, Spurs centre-forward and an England World Cup candidate, is a native of Teeside. How did the North-Eastern clubs come to miss him?

Teeside shortly after joining Chelsea that he was sent home to Middlesbrough for a spell.

If Mansfield Town's training methods are puzzling fans down Portsmouth way it isn't altogether surprising after the amazing Sammy Chapman affair.

Signed to help Portsmouth out of relegation trouble, this centre-forward is still in the reserves at his own request because he discovered the training more strenuous than he was accustomed to at Mansfield.

But there's nothing wrong with Mansfield's training schedule. The only difference is the speedier requirements of First Division football.

Chapman and his Stratton Park team mate, Derek Dougan, are seemingly inseparable for any length of time. They were born in the same Belfast street, played for the same school and senior amateur side, separated on turning professional, but came together again in the same Portsmouth lodgings.

Best centre-forward prospect "have seen" is manager Eddie Lever's summing up of Chapman.

Keen On Hannah

Lincoln are still being pestered for George Hannah, with West Ham the most persistent bidders. When Joe Harvey was slipping Newcastle's successful Cup sides, he told me: "If Hannah doesn't play for England one of these days I'll throw my golf clubs into the North Sea."

Bold words those, because there are a few things Joe loves more than his golf clubs. He can use 'em, too.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. USA (nine).
2. Tommy Farr; Arturo Godoy; Jersey Joe Walcott.
3. Jack Johnson, world heavyweight title.
4. England.
5. Wally Hammond's 336 not out against New Zealand in 1933.
6. Declina Moore of Australia.
7. Golden Miller.
8. Bill Woodfull, Australian cricket captain, during the 1932-33 "bodyline" Test series against England.
9. Gottfried von Cramm (twice) and John Crawford.
10. Jim Thorpe.

Busmen Can Still Thwart The Caroliners In Their Search For The Double

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The Senior soccer scene shifts to Singapore this week—and the temporary absence of any important games from the calendar gives us an excellent chance to sit back and take a timely look at our football affairs.

First let us take stock of our teams and their achievements. It seems that only a major upheaval of form can stop South China from making a clean sweep of the season's prizes. If they succeed it will be the second season in succession in which they have proved their superiority over all opposition and, whether or not you like any kind of monopoly, there can be no denying that the Caroline Hill boys have been away out on their own as far as consistency and endeavour are concerned.

It is true, of course, that the race for League honours is not yet over and it is equally true that KMB could still thwart the Champions in their search for the double, but the fact of the matter is that the Busmen have already sacrificed their long held points advantage and are now virtually a point poorer than South China. Their chances of pulling up that narrow, but vital, leadway are now rather remote.

The Difference

The difference between these two leading teams has really been in their available Reserve strength. The Busmen have tried to struggle through the season with eleven first team players and a star goalkeeper in reserve. Apart from Kwok Chow-ming they have lacked a single recognised or automatic replacement for an injured senior man.

When Chow Shui-hung was suspended they produced Ng Tim-loy as a replacement but, at best, he was never better than a stopgap—and that has also been true of the other players they have brought into the side from time to time.

KMB have probably learned their lesson. Championships cannot be won on a tight shoe-string of playing talent.

Reserve Strength

No team... however high its spirit... can hope to win through a whole season with an inadequacy of reserve strength, and if the Busmen really intend to make a serious challenge next season they must set about building up their second team strength now.

Strangely enough this same problem has worried South China too, but their excellent club facilities have enabled them to blood their youngsters in a progressive succession of practice games in which they have been able to play with, and against, the men they have to replace when an emergency arises.

This is, of course, an invaluable soccer education and it has enabled South China to introduce young players when the occasion has demanded without fear of their not fitting into the team plan. The South China reserves this season have been far from brilliant but they have been adequate... and that has been the real difference between the Champions and their nearest challengers.

If South China eventually win the League title, they will do so simply because they have been better equipped to stay the Championship distance than

any of their rivals. They have excellent training and coaching facilities and what is more important they use them to the maximum... For that reason alone, and there are others equally valid, they deserve any honours which they win. I shall be very surprised indeed if they do not make it a "Double Double."

The so-called "big game" at the Hongkong Stadium last Sunday was just about the biggest disappointment of the local fans have had to accept in a long, long time. The inclement weather set an ideal background for the miserable stuff that was to follow and if the scowling weather clerk had found a place for himself in the Kitchener front rank he could not have done worse than some of the regulars who played there. It was a crumbling Kitchener side at its absolute worst.

Remedial Action

Quite apart from the shocking opposition offered by Kitchener there were several aspects of the game which must surely give the Hongkong Football Association cause for thought... and one hopes... cause for remedial action.

For a long time Kitchener have infringed rule after rule in the matter of "little things" that are more annoying than prejudicial to the progress of the game.

We can still recall, for example, the long tug-of-war regarding the playing of schoolboys League football, and how one case had to be straightened out to bring the rules into line.

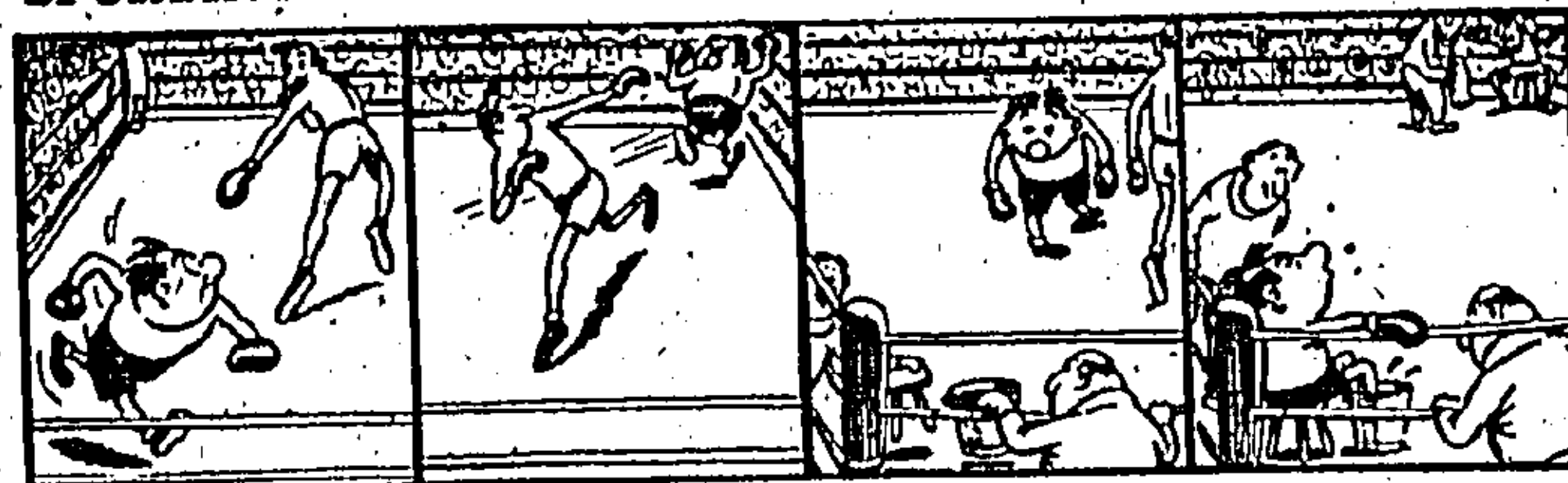
For the last couple of seasons Kitchener have changed their playing colours as regularly as a flickle woman changes her mind and they have done it with a complete disregard for the fact that the H.F.A. has decided rules about registered colours: about when they should be worn, and when they may be changed.

Permission?

Last Sunday they played the first half of the game in white shirts with a blue "V" in front. It was, of course, a deplorable day and when the players took their break their rain-soaked shirts bore a heavy coating of mud. It was right that they should have a change of playing kit but... and I have every reason to believe my facts are accurate... when they took the field for the second half they had changed into dark blue shirts... without seeking official permission to make the colour change.

SPORTING SAM

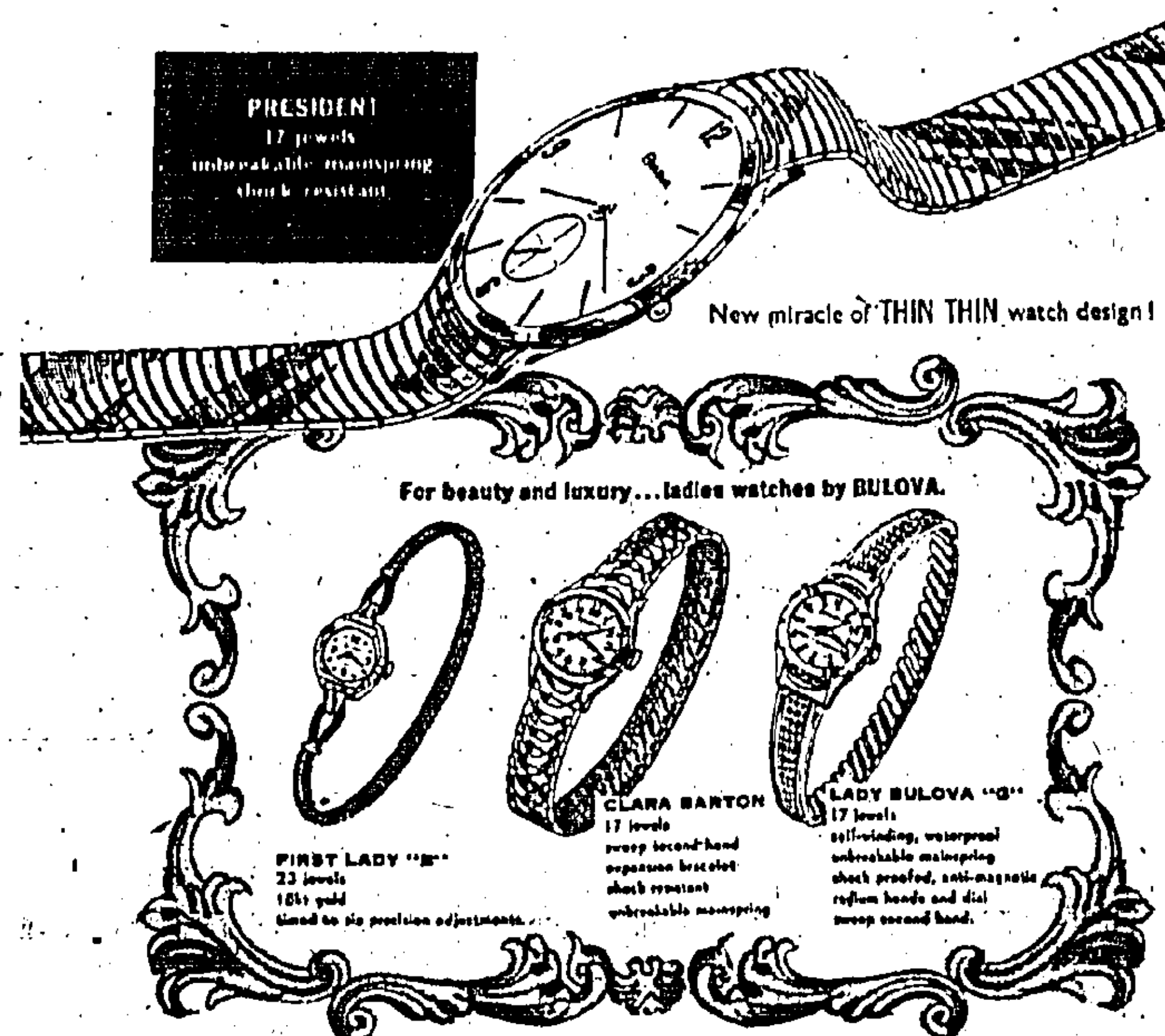
by Reg. Wootton



BULOVA

every hour of the day

be your timekeeper



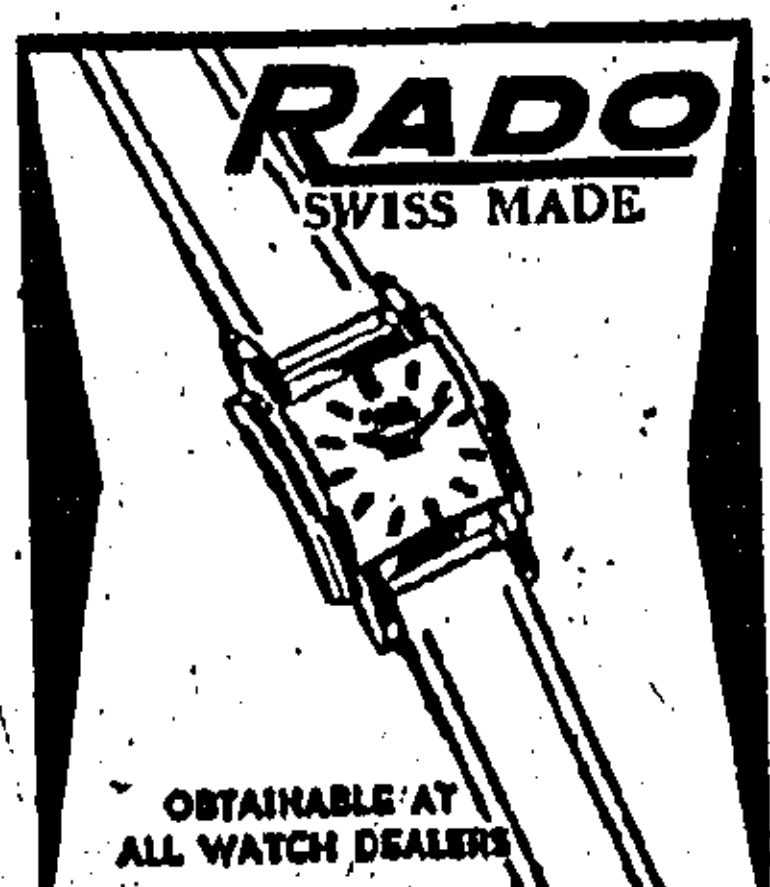
TV SNACKS GET HIGHER RATINGS WITH THIS

fresh, clean taste!



THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby





FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE BIRD WORLD'S GREATEST TRAGEDY

INSIDE a brick memorial built near Henderson, Ky., to honour the famous naturalist, John James Audubon, are original paintings of a bird that boys and girls of today have never seen.

Yet less than a century ago, ornithologists estimated we had no less than 5 billion on the wing.

That is the tragedy of our passenger pigeon, victim of man's greed.

Back in 1814, a St. Louis newspaper carried a small news item to the effect that the last surviving passenger pigeon had died in the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati. The bird, named Martha in honour of Mrs. Washington, was the last of the species.

This was 380 years after their first mention by the French



corded by different historians, all amazing.

Ornithologist Alexander Wilson, at the time on route from Shelbyville to Frankfort, Ky., in 1811, stopped at Benoni Creek to observe a flight of these birds. This column was more than a mile in width, took four hours to pass his vantage point. He estimated that there were more than 2 billion birds in this one great flock, travelling a mile a minute.

In Wyandus State Park at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, is a small marker reading: "Dedicated to the last Wisconsin passenger pigeon shot at Babcock, September 1899."

Today, we have conservation laws that protect the birds, and all wild life. But the passenger pigeon, one of our most beautiful birds, is gone forever.

—GROVES BRINKMAN

Now, Gingerbread House Of Fairy Tale Really Exists

REMEMBER the Grimm Brothers fairy tale about Hansel and Gretel finding a house made of good things to eat in the Enchanted Forest?

Of course you knew, even when you were very young, that the story was the result of imagination and that there wasn't any witch's house really.

But now there really is a witch's house! It was opened to the public in 1930. Situated on the rolling countryside of northern New Jersey, this Gingerbread Castle is there for all to see.

Gingerbread Castle was built because of a man's love for children. His name is F. H. Bennett.

When Bennett was a little boy he loved to sit on the floor at his mother's feet and listen to the many fairy tales which she told so well.

As the years went on, Bennett never forgot the tales. He remembered that as a little child he had often wondered what these fairy places would look like if they were real. He hoped that some day he could build a make-believe land which all children could visit and enjoy, as he would have enjoyed such a place when he was a child.

BENNETT BECAME a success in business and had the money with which to create the fairyland of his dreams. But he had no practical ideas about how to go about it.

Then something happened which gave him many ideas. One night he went to see Humperdink's famous opera, "Hansel and Gretel." Deeply inspired by the stage settings, Bennett got the idea of building a gingerbread castle which would have in it figures of fairy tale characters.

He found out that the man who designed the "Hansel and Gretel" set was Joseph Urban, who had once received the grand prize for his art of decorating and architecture.

Urban had the credit of introducing new stage art to America, using colour in broad masses, scenes painted in brocade, and designing costumes with consideration of the play of light.

WHAT MORE PERFECT recommendations could anyone want for such a dream as Bennett had? He went to see Joseph Urban and told him about his dream castle. Much to his delight, Urban was enthusiastic over the idea and agreed to take the job.

Two years later, the Gingerbread Castle was completed. The cost was over \$250,000.

Visitors to The Gingerbread Castle exclaim over it for the walls look exactly as if they were made of gingerbread and the roof as if it were made of frosted sugar.

The animal cracker balustrades lead upward to a plump pudding grille and to candy cane towers and cake icing turrets.

Inside there is Humpty-Dumpty sitting on his wall, and Prince Charming riding on his prancing charger.

The spitting black cat stands guard in the turret and the wise old owl watches everyone through his unblinking yellow eyes.



Gingerbread Castle

THEN THERE IS the house of the old lady "who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

In the cellar of the castle is the Witch's Trophy room, and in a winding staircase in the main hall there are "Hansel and Gretel."

In this room gingerbread cookies, stud the walls, are peppermint sticks and windows made of multi-coloured candles.

Miss Muffet's spider dangles from a thread in his high web high up in the turret.

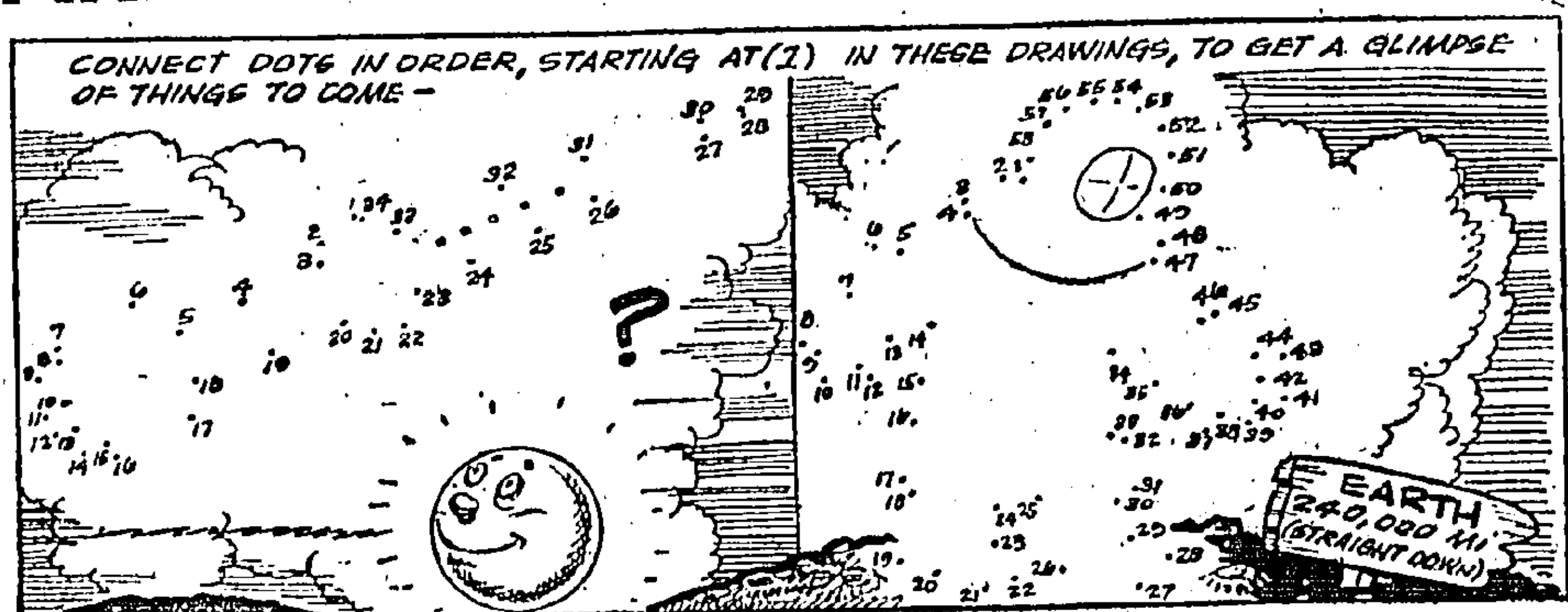
Many other fairy tale characters are there, too, to delight the thousands and thousands of children who visit Gingerbread Castle each year.

Visitors often say that this fairyland is a fitting monument to the man who loves children so much he wanted to satisfy their fairy tale imaginations.

It is one of the most unusual ways any person has ever chosen to say: "I love children."

—EVELYN WITTER

TAKE A TRIP INTO OUTER SPACE



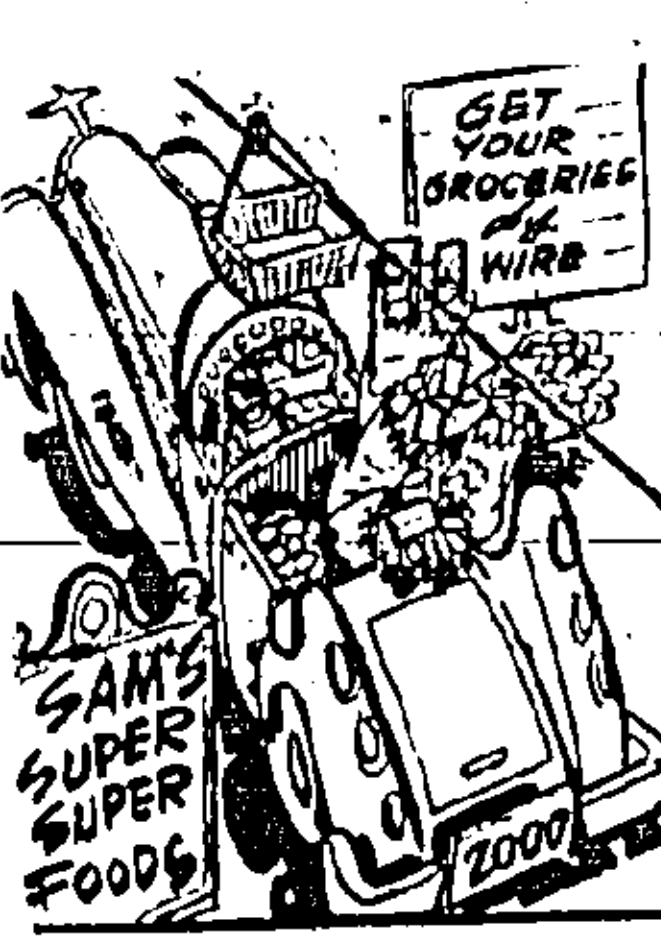
Will Supermarkets Be Like This?

IN the year 2000, the average family will drive into a super-auto-grocery mart and buy an entire week's groceries without leaving their car.

The lady of the house or her husband will simply drive into a specially prepared parking area, and a network of overhead wires connected with the grocery store.

Out from under the dashboard will come a portable drawer-size three-dimensional television set, complete with attached radio.

The housewife will sit at ease and tell the radioophone what she wants to see. The TV set will then show the store's selection of what the customer has to see. The TV also will describe the different sizes and qualities.



When the customer decides what she wants, she will say, "This is an order; I want so many pounds of..."

When the customer uses the word "order," her connection radioophone to "add, charge, and number" will release the item wanted into a shopping bag. At the same time, the item's cost is listed on a charge tape.

When the customer finally finishes her order, she tells the radioophone to "add, charge, and deliver the order to auto licence number..." under store wire number.

An automatic process adds the charge tape and records the charge. Then the same mechanism sends the shopping bags out to the customer's car on a carrier attached to the store wire overhead.

Meanwhile, the charge is being processed by the 2000-year method of using cheques to pay bills.

Instead of the customer writing the cheque, the store owner writes it, and the amount is subtracted from the customer's bank account.

Of course, only cheques written by pre-authorized store owners are accepted for payment by the banks.

Stores in the year 2000 will have a simple protection against being cheated. If they wish, Every car entering the parking area will automatically have all its occupants photographed.

—MANUEL ALMADA

MYSTERIES OFFER GOOD READING

IF you like to tackle a problem and see right and justice triumph, the mystery and adventure stories are for you. Every year these types of books get better. Here are some dandy newcomers you will find on the mystery shelf in your library.

"Mystery Walks the Campus" by Anneleen Turner. Is it top holter you won't be able to put down. A house is owned, and a girl, all mysterious, contribute to a thrilling story.

"Twisted Shadow" by Edith Doran. A shadowy forest ranger, a masked prowler and an amiable snake named Junior! Stirred well together, they make a suspenseful book.

Rhoda Brown believes that the book of her friend, killed in Korea, has been plagiarized. In "Remembered Island" by Barbi

Arden, she engages in an exciting search to find proof of the theft.

"The Plume Hunters Mystery" by May McKerson Wallace features the wildlife of the Florida Everglades in 1916. Teen-agers help apprehend a dealer in illicit egret plumes.

In "The Hill of the Red Fox" by Allan McLean, sinister plotters seem to lurk everywhere in the mists and heather of Scotland. Alasdair Cameron is involved in grim adventures almost as good as Robert Louis Stevenson. And who could say more?

Strugglers and a cat named Macadam unexpectedly work together to end a feud in "Hidden Lights" by Rene Prud'hommeaux. Here fast action adds up to good entertainment.

You won't want to miss "Mystery at the Mountain Face" by C. N. Covan, and Emmy West... what's inside the old



planor? "The Singing Trees Mystery" by Norvin Fallas... vundalism and a lost Indian treaty; "The Castled and the Sword" by Norman Dale... ancient house and endangered inheritance; "Mystery of the Ancient Frank" by Elizabeth Honness; and "The Uranium Mystery" by Mary Adrian... a motel, a mortgage, and a rascal.

—knew it was the butler from the first—

DISCOVERIES RAISE A QUESTION

NOAH'S Ark, we are taught, came to rest upon Mount Ararat. And, say many students, it is still there. If it is still there, you may ask, why has it remained undiscovered for so long?

While Mount Ararat is not one of the highest mountains in the world, it is nearly 17,000 feet high. Also, the top is covered with ice and snow and storms are frequent.

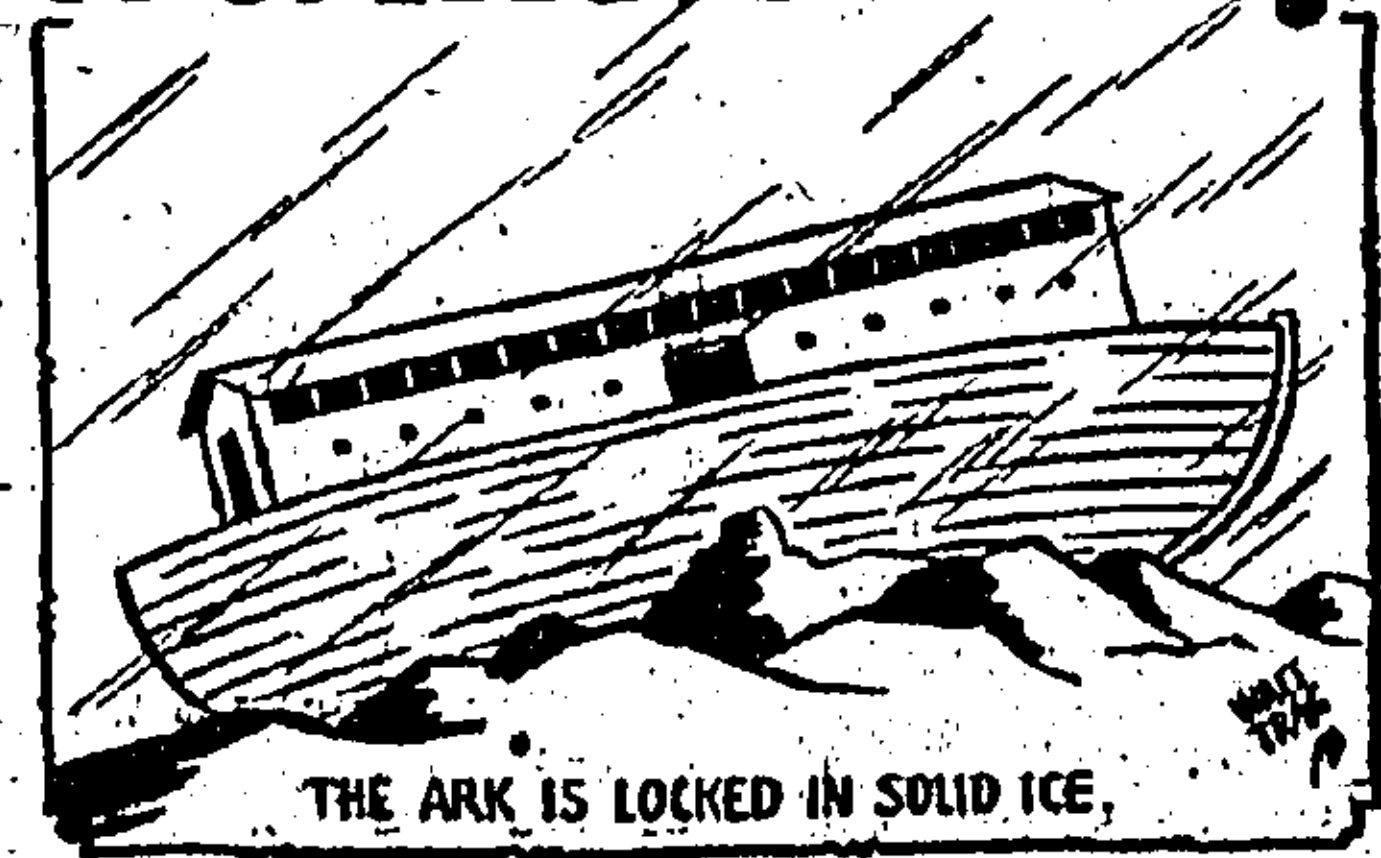
Many expeditions have tried to reach the ark in the past 50 years but only two actually claim to have discovered it.

One was a Russian party and the other was an American. But neither brought back any proof of their find and many people doubted that they had seen the ark at all.

But in the summer of 1936 a Frenchman, Fernand Navarra, and his schoolboy son hacked off a 50-pound piece of wood from an object covered with ice. They brought it back to France with them and experts have now estimated this wood to be 4,000 years old. It is from a Columbian discovered America in a voyage of only 100 days.

It is this, the biblical Noah's Ark, the largest ship ever built in the East. It is thought that the ark is about 500 feet long. According to the Bible the length of the ark is "300 cubits." A ship that big. For building a

HAVE THEY FOUND NOAH'S ARK?



cubit is at least 18 inches (two feet) and this would give the ark a length of 540 feet.

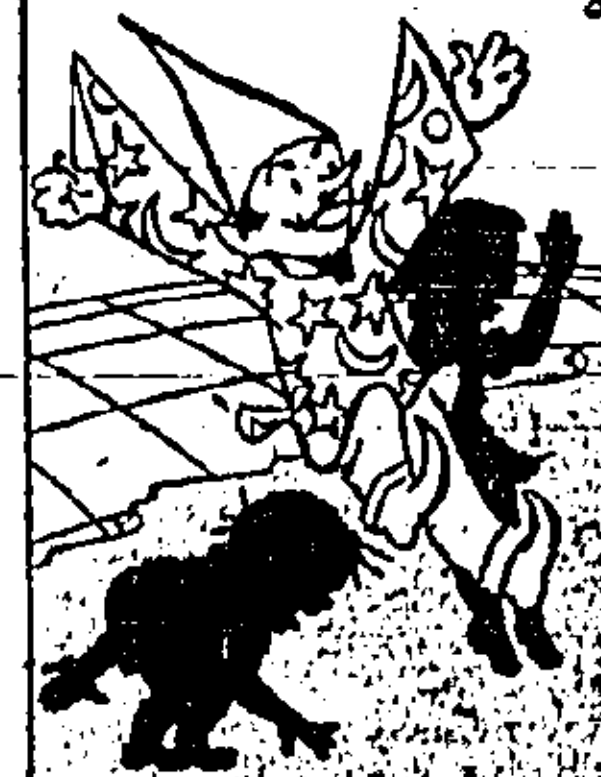
This means that Noah's Ark was (at least) a 15,000-ton ship. It is from a Columbian discovered America in a voyage of only 100 days.

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Quick Trip To Australia

—Mr. Merlin Took Knarf and Hand There and Back—

By MAX TRELL



Merlin and the Shadows came down with a bump.

Suddenly an animal came hopping toward them. It looked like an enormous Rabbit.

"Kangaroo!" cried Knarf. The Kangaroo sprang past them. As it did so, it nodded its head as though to say: "Welcome to Australia!"

They walked along a road. They saw huge trees.

"Gum trees!" said Mr. Merlin. They saw strange birds and strange flowers. At length, they reached a town.

"The name of this town is Sydney," said Mr. Merlin. "All the people in Australia speak English. Well, I guess it's time we went home. We don't want to be late for lunch you know."

So they went into a library, got a big geography book, laid it on the floor and opened it to the map of the United States. Then they all took hands and jumped. They came sailing down into their own room again, just as lunch was being served.

"I never thought you could go to Australia and be back in time for lunch," Hand said to Mr. Merlin.

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Merlin. "I'm a Magnificent Magician. I can do almost everything—except eat lunch. Even a Magnificent Magician can't eat when he's not hungry."

They all jumped into the air and came down on the map of Australia—at least it seemed to be the map. But Knarf and Hand had the strange feeling of floating through the sky in a balloon.

Down they came with a little bump.

"Well, here we are in Australia. How do you like it?" asked Mr. Merlin.

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In Memory Of Two Brave Boys

PERHAPS the only incident of record where a public school observes memorial services commemorating the heroism and sacrifice of two small boys, is in Omaha, Neb.

It is an annual event attended by prominent people, judges, officers of civic organizations and hundreds of friends and students who have long since graduated from the school.

The incident thus honoured dates back to a blustery cold morning, at 5 a.m. on Feb. 21, 1928.

Young Melvin Robbins, 9, and his brother Charles, 11, were awakened by the smell of smoke. The boys' father, Floral A. Robbins, had left for work more than an hour before for his job as a trolley conductor.

Dashing out of bed, the boys found the kitchen in flames. Acting automatically to the oft-repeated statement of their father, "Always remember, boys, Mother comes first in everything," they ran through the thick of the long red tongues of flame to reach their invalid mother's bedroom off the kitchen.



Melvin and Charles broke a window, hoisted their mother out and carried her to safety.

Their night clothes were ablaze, yet the youngsters worked feverishly, ignoring the pain. Quickly, a window was broken and their mother carefully hoisted outside while she was half-dressed and half-carried to a neighbour's house to safely.

The wind had whipped the flames devouring the boys' clothing to a mad inferno. Their mission completed, they both collapsed.

Melvin died a few hours later in an Omaha hospital, but Charles, contrary to doctors' prediction, recovered to carry on alone.

Melvin's funeral had the largest attendance of any funeral in Omaha's history. Hundreds of citizens' hearts had been touched by the heroism and sacrifice of this 9-year-old. There were memorial services too at the South Franklin School where the two boys had attended. The school board in an unprecedented action immediately changed the school's name from South Franklin to Robbins School.

Sadly, tragedy struck the Robbins again. Charles was killed by an auto while riding in a new coaster wagon. This was just two days before Christmas, less than a year after Melvin had died.

Mrs. Robbins lived several years before she died. There is no one left but the father, yet year after year, Robbins School observes memorial services, commemorating the heroism and sacrifice of the two Robbins boys.

WATT'S NEW?

Teacher: What did Franklin say when he discovered electricity in lightning?
Pupil: Nothing. He was too shocked.

Rupert and the Silent Land—11



After his outburst the old Professor lifts Rupert on to a chair and gazes at him silently for a long time. "I wonder if you hate this noisy world as much as I do," little bear, he says at length. "And I wonder if you would like to help me. Now that my voice is

is out of action one of my best inventions cannot be tried unless I tell you what it is. I have a little bear, he says at length. "And I wonder if you would like to help me. Now that my voice is

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